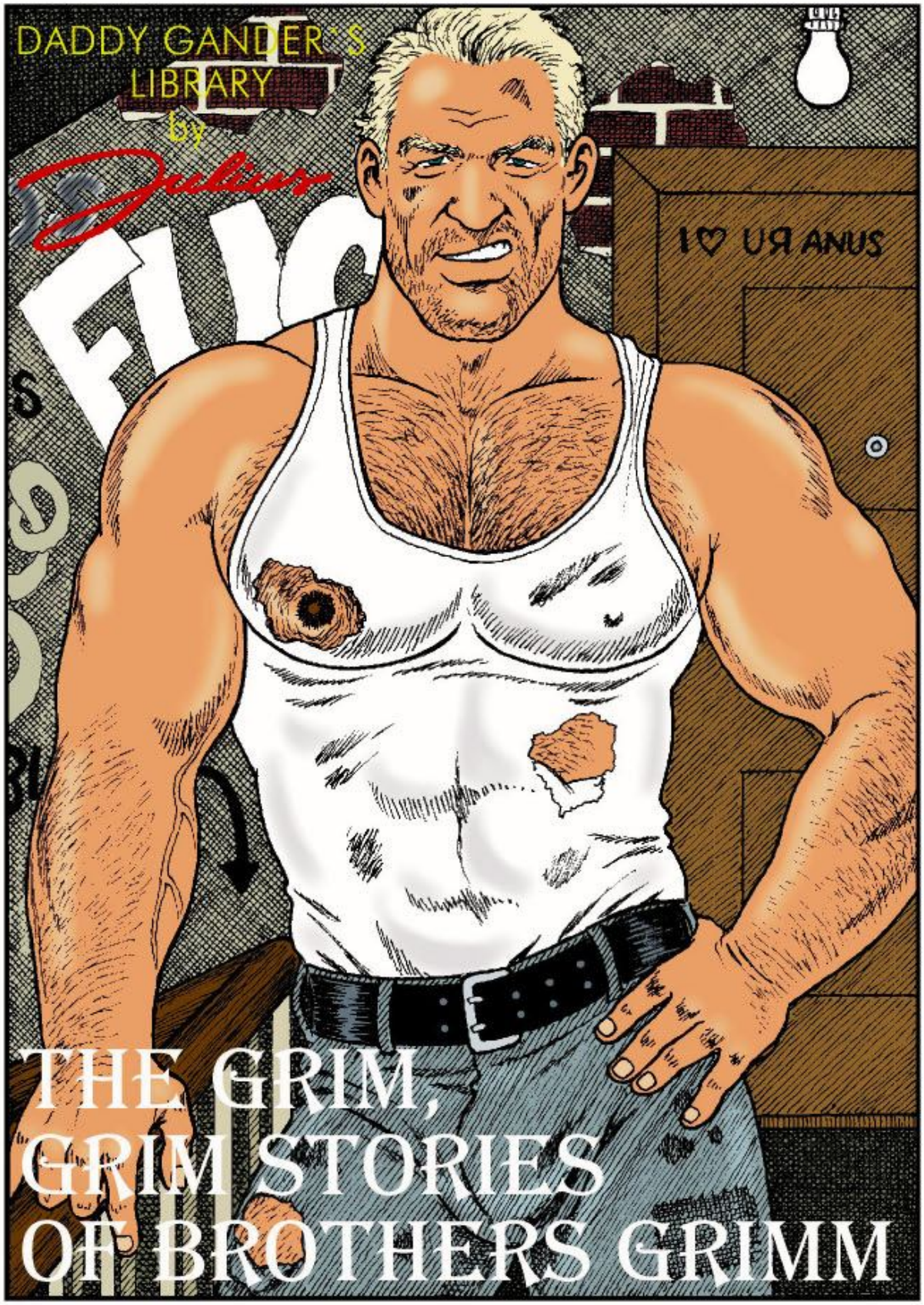

DADDY GANDER'S
LIBRARY
by
Julius
I ♡ UR ANUS
THE GRIM,
GRIM STORIES
OF BROTHERS GRIMM

# HANS AND GERT

## Chapter I

Once upon a time there lived a boy called Hans in a small town at the foothills of the Rockies. He was a nice boy with natural good looks and a friendly personality. When Hans grew up he noticed that handsome men aroused him tremendously and he couldn't help looking when he saw a hunky man pass by. He knew that it wasn't acceptable to show sexual interest to another man... at least not in a small town at the foothills of Rockies, therefore Hans suppressed his feelings and nobody knew about them. That is, not until Gert moved into the house next door.

Hans was ash-blond with hazel eyes and a fair complexion. Where he was a bit shy and withdrawn, Gert was the exact opposite. Gert had dark hair and piercing blue eyes. His skin looked tanned all year round and he was out-going and active by nature. We know that "opposites attract" and that was certainly true with Hans and Gert, too. They were very different, but when Hans saw Gert for the very first time, he felt a stir in his crotch and suddenly his heart skipped a beat. While Gert carried furniture into his family's new house, Hans watched him through the half-closed curtains. His eyes followed Gert's bulging muscles and nicely curved buttocks. Gert's broad shoulders and his massive pecs made his t-shirt cling tightly to his body in a way that made Hans breathless. His hungry eyes devoured Gert's bulging crotch and Hans was sure that he saw the outlines of Gert's semi-hard cock through his tight fitting jeans.

His curiosity was amply rewarded later that night when Gert took a shower. The bathroom window was directly opposite to Hans´ room and there were no curtains yet to hide Gert's nudity. His body was so beautifully built that Hans got an instant erection. From his hide-out Hans saw that Gert had an erection too and his cock was much bigger than Hans had anticipated. As Gert started to beat his meat, Hans prayed that he wouldn't stop, but after a while Gert closed the window and steam filled the small bathroom. Soon Hans couldn't see him anymore, and that night Hans had his first wet dream about Gert.

What Hans didn't know was that Gert had actually noticed him. Gert came from a big city and wasn't too happy moving into a small town out in the boondocks. When Gert was carrying in stuff, he noticed the nice-looking boy keeping an eye on him from the house next door. Without looking at him directly, Gert was aware that the boy had remained immobile behind the half-closed curtains until the moving van was empty. He noticed also that the boy had a direct view to the upstairs bathroom and decided to test him. So he went into the bathroom to take a shower pretending that he hadn't noticed the boy next door. He stripped off all his clothes and through a mirror saw that the boy was still there. While he soaped his trim body, Gert noticed that the boy moved closer to see him better. Suddenly Gert realized that maybe moving into a small town in the boondocks wasn't such a bad idea after all and his cock reacted to this notion by turning rock-hard. Checking the mirror again, Gert could see that the boy was still there.

During the next few weeks, Hans And Gert came to know each other a bit better. Gert tried to make friends with Hans, but the boy was shy and elusive. Hans had a beautiful bubble butt and at night Gert fantasized how he would thrust his throbbing cock between those smooth delicate buns and feel the boy's tight sphincter around his big fat cock as he plowed his hot furrow with fierce energy. It felt so good that Gert couldn't keep his hands off his towering cock, and tossing and turning in ecstasy he shot his load. That was his fantasy, but in reality Hans avoided touching him and Gert became moody. His Daddy noticed that and told Gert about a summer camp that some of the local Boy Scouts were going to in the vast forests surrounding the town. Maybe Gert would enjoy that too. Gert opposed the idea vehemently until he heard that Hans was going to be there. Out in the wilderness there would be no way for Hans to avoid him. One way or another the shy boy was going to be his and Gert's attitude changed instantly.

When Hans heard that Gert had joined the Boy Scouts and would be going to the summer camp too, his ears burned hot and he flushed. One day he and Gert had played ball on the lawn and Gert had overturned him. He laid under Gert feeling his big bulging crotch against his own and their bare legs rubbing each other. Gert looked him right in the eye for what seemed an eternity, and for a while it looked as if he were going to kiss him. Hans' cock turned rock hard in anticipation, but the moment passed when his mom called him and he avoided close physical contact with Gert ever since.

He knew that it was going to be tough avoiding any close physical contact with Gert at summer camp, and that thought caused his crotch to heat up as unbearable excitement attacked his groin.

The campsite was by a small lake in the middle of the wilderness where it usually took campers five hours to get to by hiking the narrow trail. (There was no road into the camp and all supplies were brought in by hydroplane.) At the campsite, there was a barrack for the guardians, two barracks for the boys and a larger barrack for the kitchen and dining room. In addition to that there were a few sheds for supplies and a site for the campfire. There was a radio for emergencies and to keep in contact with the outside world, but apart from that, the campers were pretty much on their own out there.

The boys had to be bused in up to the trailhead, and Hans was already seated among his friends at the back of the bus when Gert arrived. He had no chance to talk to him in the bus, but when they arrived to the trailhead, Gert rushed after Hans. As they hiked along the trail in single file, Gert's eyes were fixed on Hans' bouncy butt. His nicely curved buttocks in his tight pants occasionally revealed the deep furrow between his buns. Gert couldn't keep his eyes off Hans' butt and he felt that his cock getting restless. Hans was very much aware that Gert was right behind him and by the time they had their first rest stop, Hans had an urgent need to pee. He went into a thicket and was just emptying his bladder when he heard a dry stick crack just behind his back. Suddenly Gert stood right beside him and wrapping his arm around Hans' shoulders he pulled out his big fat cock.

"Hi! Wanna piss crisscross with me? It's supposed to bring good luck, you know," Gert said and cautiously fondled Hans´ shoulders. Mighty handsome pecker you've got there," he said when Hans tried to free himself, but Gert held him in a tight hug. In awe he watched as Gert's cock started to thicken and then lifted up its big bloated head. Helplessly he watched as his own cock revealed its bald head and stood up firmly too. Hans was embarrassed, but Gert pulled him into his arms and kissed him. It was like an electric shock and trembling, Hans grabbed hold of him while Gert shoved his slippery tongue into his mouth. Hans had never anticipated that Gert might want him that way and eagerly responded to his ardent kisses. Their hard throbbing cocks were tightly pressed against each other and Hans thought he was floating on air.

When Gert saw Hans' cock rising and revealing its pink shiny-skinned head, he was triumphant. There was a tiger inside that shy boy after all and Gert was determined to make him his own. "I want you, Hans. I have wanted you from day one," Gert whispered and ate Hans' face in ardent fervor while blood was rushing hot in his veins.

"Please, let me have you tonight. Let's go somewhere we can be alone. I have waited for you so long," Gert whispered and held Hans in a tight embrace. When Hans then kissed him with shivering lips, Gert was flying high as a kite. He took Hans' beautiful buns in his hand and began to open his pants when they heard a bugle sound, meaning that the break was over and they had to go. After a long kiss Hans and Gert forced themselves to let go of each other and joined the others.

As the hike continued, Hans and Gert could hardly hide their rapture. Their eyes were bright and they laughed a lot for no reason at all. Accidentally on purpose their bodies touched all the time and they used every opportunity to fondle each other secretly when no one was looking. During the rest of the breaks they disappeared into the bushes and hugged and kissed each other endlessly. When it was time to go on, they returned with clothes slightly in disarray, but nobody seemed to notice that.

No wonder they were brimming with energy even when they arrived at the campsite after such a long march. There were bunk beds in the barracks and Hans and Gert seized beds in a remote corner of the room. All the other boys were tired after that long hike and only wanted to stretch out on their beds, but Hans and Gert were too excited for that. They walked into the forest and when they were far enough from the camp, Gert pulled Hans in his arms and started to eat his face. Hans responded eagerly and soon they were so horny that Gert started to peel off Hans' clothes with shaky hands. The sight of his smooth skin made Gert feel dizzy and he fondled Hans' nude body in ardent fervor. Hans unbuckled Gert's pants and suddenly they were all hands and legs. All their clothes were scattered on the ground and Gert lowered Hans on top of them. He opened the boy's legs wide apart and the sight of Hans´ pink pucker made Gert's erect cock bolt and his big balls were like glued fast to the thick veiny shaft of his rock-hard cock. When the plump head of Gert's cock stretched his tight sphincter and forcefully penetrated him, Hans knew that the moment of truth had come. As Gert forced more of his beefy pole inside the boy, Hans panicked.

The pain was awful when Gert's robust rod penetrated even deeper inside him and with all his might Hans struggled against the intruder. To his amazement he noticed that the harder he fought against Gert's monstrous cock, the easier it seemed to glide inside him. In distress Hans felt Gert's heavy breathing on his neck and heard his muffled growling while Gert's cock forced its way inside him and totally filled his cavity. Gert kissed Hans' neck passionately when his sturdy cock was fully in and he noticed that the boy's back was all wet. Hans bit his lip when Gert started moving his massive cock back and forth inside him, but soon every vigorous thrust excited Hans like nothing before. His frantic excitement grew stronger and stronger and in reckless heat he milked Gert's cock with his strong sphincter until he exploded in a shattering orgasm.

As the ecstatic Hans collapsed on the ground, Gert couldn't resist cumming either and blasted his hot load inside the gasping boy. Gert laid on top of Hans for a good while. "That was great," Hans said with a dreamy voice while Gert kissed his shoulders. Motionless and unable to talk he inhaled the wonderful scent of Hans' nude body. He licked the tiny sweat drops from Hans´ neck and slowly but surely, his cock turned hard again. Hans could feel that too and he became restless as Gert's cock grew bigger and bigger inside him. Slowly, like in a dream, Gert started to move his solid meat back and forth again, and he felt Hans' smooth ass comply with his movements. When Gert turned on the heat and started to fuck the shivering boy faster, he was delighted to hear his intense moans. "Please, don't stop. Don't ever stop. It feels so good that I want to keep it inside me as long as possible," Hans groaned and squeezed Gert's rampant cock with his strong sphincter. Gert's cum had lubed Hans´ chute already and his hefty cock moved inside the wriggling boy easily. When Hans clenched his buttocks and arched his back, Gert intensified his efforts and hurled the trembling boy into a massive climax with his merciless fucking. When Hans spasmed under him in a shattering orgasm, Gert lost all control and blasted his load between those two beautiful mounds of love.

After a while Gert pulled his cock out and took the euphoric Hans into his arms. They hugged and kissed each other like lovers do, but Hans and Gert didn't seem to get enough of each other at all. It was hunger and the coolness of the night that finally forced them to get dressed and return to camp. Many times they stopped to kiss and hug each other along the way, knowing that they had both found what they had been looking for. No words could express their feelings.

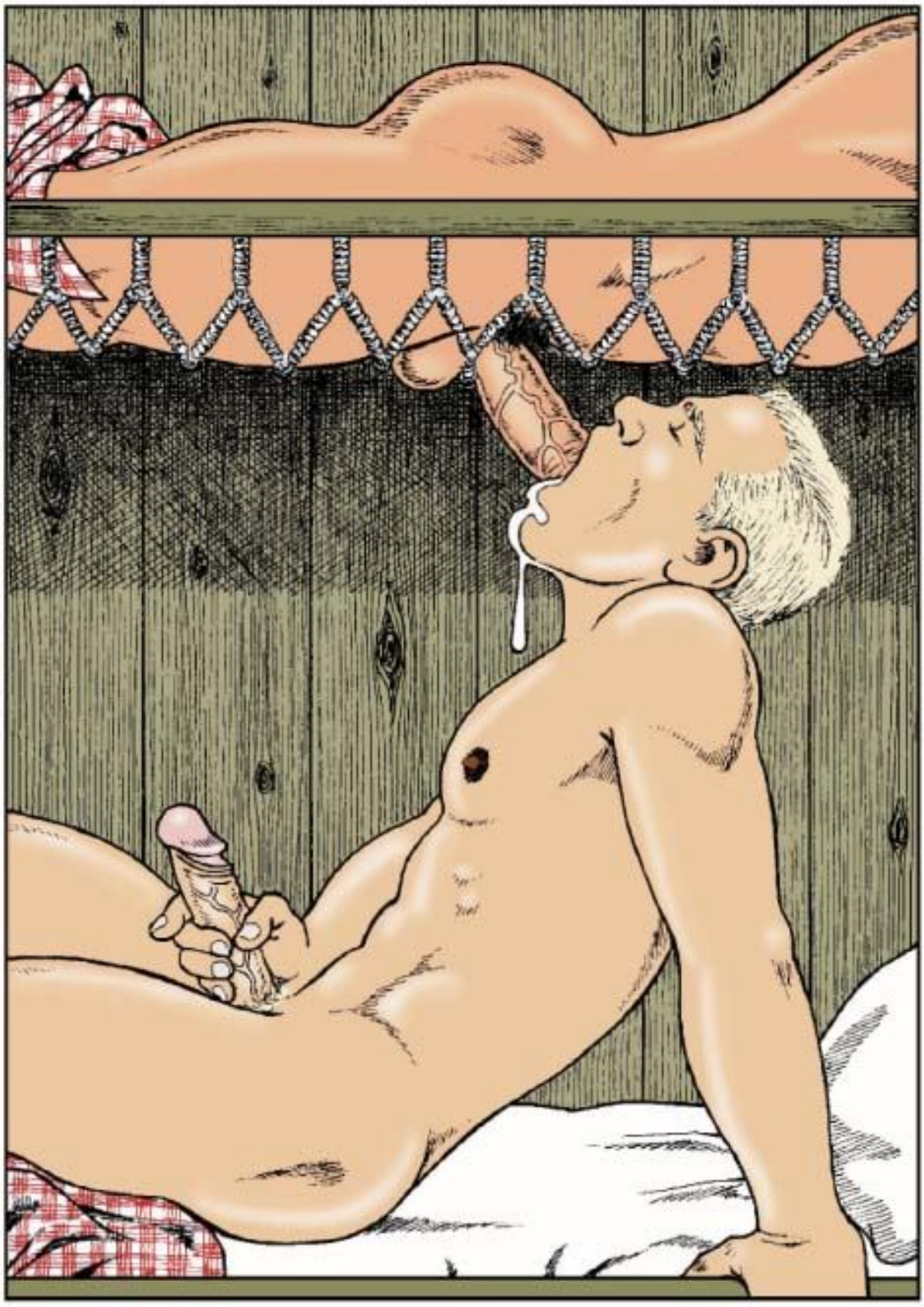
During the following days Hans and Gert found few opportunities to be alone together while the camp was set up, but they were constantly looking and that's how they found out about Percy. Percy was the son of the local sheriff and one of the regulars at the camp. Unable to find privacy during the day, Hans and Gert sneaked out one night for a quickie in the bushes when they were actually supposed to be sleeping. Light streamed out from the guardian's barrack and they heard strange noises through one of the open windows. Cautiously they sneaked closer and peeked in. They saw the guardians standing around a bed buck naked and sporting massive hardons while one of them was fiercely fucking somebody on the bed. His hairy ass flexed and relaxed to the rhythm of the vigorous fucking and his big balls were glued to the veiny shaft of his glistening cock as he attacked the smooth ass under him. The men were so absorbed by the sight that they didn't notice Hans and Gert at the window. They spurred on the fucking man loudly. "You can do better than that, man. Let Percy have it all. You don't want Percy to tell his Daddy that six hairy-assed studs didn't fuck his precious ass any harder that his old man himself, do you?" one of them said.

"Last summer there were only four of us, but we kept Percy's round pussy wet all the time," said another one. "Don't forget those horny loggers who fucked him at their camp for two weeks before they let him go," the third added. Hans and Gert heard the heavy heaving of the fucking man and saw his fierce fuck strokes while he fucked the helpless boy in wild fury. Then they heard his loud bellowing as he shot his load. He then wiped his horse cock on the sheet and stepped out of the bed. "OK. It's your turn now. I've lubed his pussy for you," he said as another man climbed onto the bed. They heard Percy's desperate moans when his new lover thrust his big fat cock inside the wriggling boy and began to fuck him while the others spurred him on vehemently. "That's it, Hank. Dig your cock deep into that honey pot and let your homebrew flow. Let's fill the bitch with scum until our gooey cum flows out of his ears." Hans and Gert saw how man after man climbed on top of Percy and fucked the delirious boy with vigor and vim. Gert opened his fly and pulled out his erect cock. "Suck me, Hans. Let me feel your hot mouth around my cock," Gert whispered. Hans kneeled in front of him and took Gert's hefty cock into his mouth. Its plump head was firm, yet resilient, and tasted slightly salty. Hans rubbed the bloated head with his slick tongue and as he sucked it deeper into his hot mouth, he heard Gert draw air sharply through his clenched teeth.

In his wild excitement Gert lost his balance and his hand hit the open window. Hans quickly pulled him down, but not fast enough. One of the guardians turned around and saw them as they hurried back into the barrack as fast as they could.

They were too excited to sleep after what they had seen just, but they couldn't fuck in the barrack quite openly. Gert, who occupied the upper bunk, found a solution to their problem. He pushed the mattress aside and thrust his throbbing cock through the bedsprings. "We can't stop now, Hans. Suck my cock, baby. I have to get rid of this load or I won't sleep a minute tonight," he whispered. Seeing Gert's massive cock hanging above him in a fuck-ready state made the blood rush in Hans' veins and he took the shiny-skinned knob into his mouth. Gert's cock was solid like chiseled stone, but covered with velvety skin. The thick shaft was decorated with bulging veins and Hans could see them all clearly. It was so alluring that Hans swallowed Gert's cock and sucked it as deep into his mouth as possible. While he sucked and licked that giant lollypop, Hans heard Gert's intense wails and muffled groans from above. Gert had to bite his pillow not to cry out loud while Hans sucked his throbber. Hans pushed back Gert's softly folded foreskin with his lips and fondled the jutting gills of his turgid knob with his slick tongue. Gert's moans turned even more intense when Hans started to suck his beefy pole with fervent avidity. Gert began to tremble and the whole bed was shaking as he spasmed violently just before he lost control and blasted his load of hot frothing cum into Hans' hot mouth. As Gert's thick cream filled his mouth, Hans reached climax and soaked his sheet with his cum. They were both fast asleep when Percy finally sneaked in just before dawn.

The next morning Gert went to the guardian's barrack to fetch a key for the boat shed. As he reached the porch, he heard a loud argument from inside. "We have to do something. The sheriff will kill us if he finds out that we have used his son as a mattress. Those boys saw us fuck Percy and sooner or later they will spill out everything they know and we can't take that risk," one voice was saying. "Well, let's fuck them too. Hans has beautiful buns and I have nothing against burying my beastly pecker between them," another voice said. "That won't stop them. They would tell what they saw anyway and what could we do then? We would be accused of molesting them all. We must make sure that they keep their mouths shut permanently and the only way to do that is to kill them," someone said.



"Come on, guys. We can't kill anybody here, too many witnesses," another voice said. "Who said that we are killing them here? Listen, one of us will take them on a hiking trip into the woods and leave them there. Without any food, map or a compass they'll never get out of there alive. We'll say that they got lost on an orientation trip and I doubt that their bodies will ever be found," the first voice said.

"That sounds good, but we have to do it as quickly as possible. It'd be better if Hank takes them on the hiking trip today, before they have any chance of talking about their secret to the other boys. You can say that you need two boys to help you set up a campsite in the woods and I will give them the orders to follow you. You'd better take them all the way to Indian Gulch. It's very difficult terrain and without provisions and other equipment they could never survive, let alone to get out of there." This plan was generally accepted and as the guardians prepared themselves for their duties, Gert sneaked out and told Hans what he had heard.

"What are we going to do?" asked Hans in despair. "Well, we have to play ball. They won't believe us if we say that we are not going to tell anybody. All we can do is act as if we don't suspect anything. Leave it all to me, Hans. I'll take care that we get out of there unharmed. I won't let them hurt you," Gert said and kissed Hans. Then he left to make some preparations of his own.

TO BE CONTINUED...

# HANS AND GERT

## Chapter 2

After breakfast the guardians put the plan in action. The boys were gathered together and they were told that Hank needed two boys to help him to put up a temporary the woods. Before anybody had a chance to say anything, one of the guardians named Hans and Gert for the job and sent them to the barrack to pack their backpacks.

Hank was a seasoned huntsman who spent his summer at the camp as one of the guardians. He was a rugged and hard-muscled man and his masculine appearance made quite a few boys wink. He hurried Hans and Gert into the woods and found the suitable trails easily. Earlier that morning, Gert had noticed that there were a lot of small white stones on the beach and had filled his pockets with them. As they wandered deeper and deeper into the virgin forest, Gert dropped one of these stones at regular intervals. The day was hot and little by little they stripped off their clothing until all they had on was their shorts. Hank looked at the well developed bodies of his young companions and his sturdy cock turned rock-hard.

"Why shouldn't I have a little fun with these boys? They deserve to get some real man meat before they die," Hank reasoned in his mind. When they finally reached their destination, both Hans and Gert wanted to go skinny-dipping in the cool lake. As they fooled around in the water, Hank watched their tanned bodies with growing lust. The sparkling water glittered on their nude bodies and their glistening bare buttocks caused Hank's throbbing hardon to turn into a real woody.

When the boys finally came out of the water, Hank sent Gert to pick up some firewood for a campfire while he and Hans cleared the campsite. Gert had noticed Hank's thriving hardon and he had a pretty good idea what Hank had in his mind. Gert didn't go far, but hid himself in the bushes where he had a clear view of the camp and everything that happened there.

Hans carried rocks from the brook and built a circle for the campfire. He was on

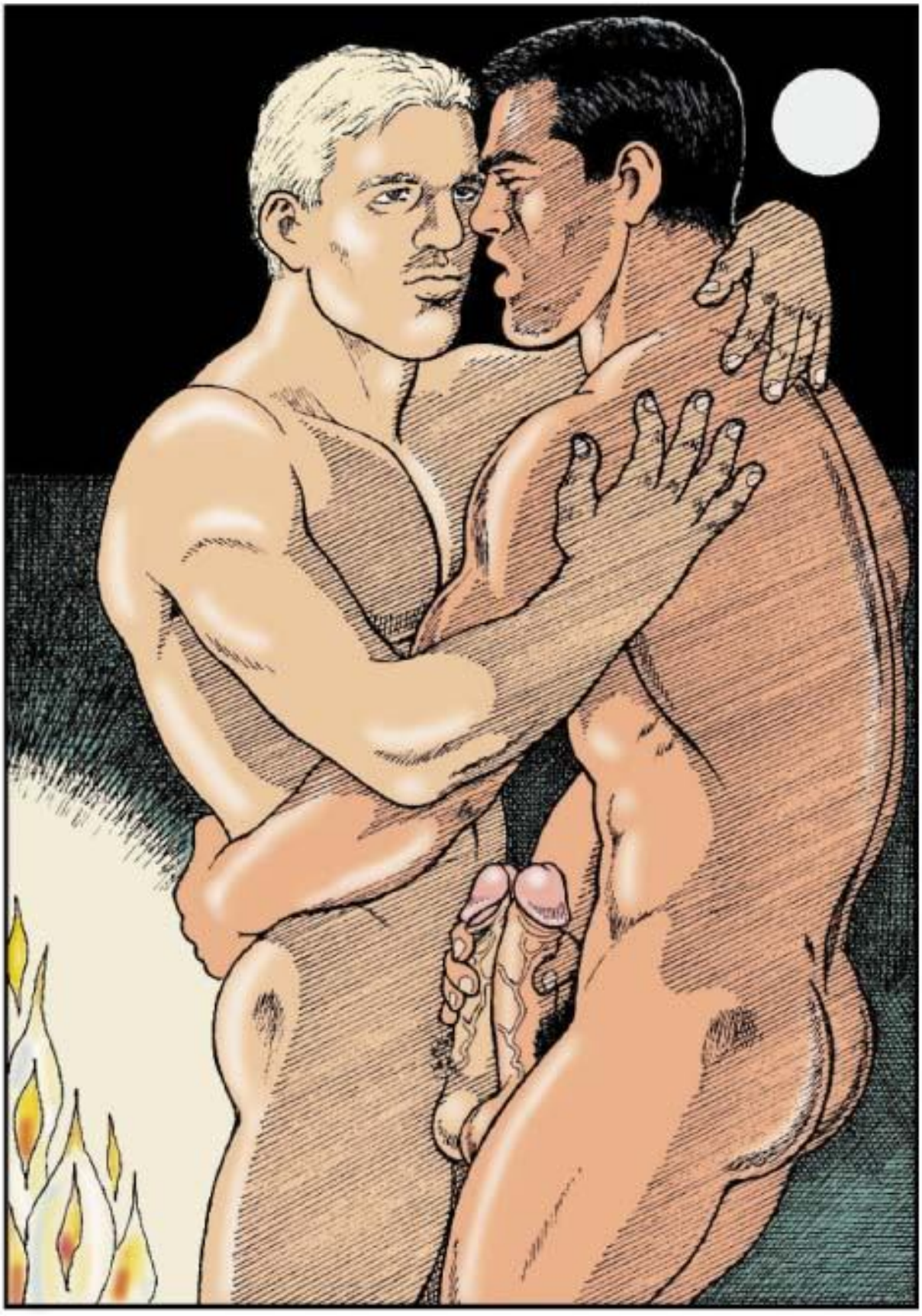
his knees arranging the rocks when Hank walked up right behind him, yanked down his own shorts and stepped out of them. He was completely naked, and his big fat cock was fully erect. He grabbed Hans in his strong arms and although the frightened boy struggled to free himself, Hank was much too strong for him.

"On your back, bright boy. I want to fuck you," Hank snorted. "You have wagged your pretty tail at me long enough. Now you will get what you have been asking for," Hank growled and threw Hans on the ground. Hank was on top of Hans instantly and Gert saw Hans' legs swaying in the air as Hank thrust his solid cock inside the wriggling boy. Gert heard only muffled sounds of protest as Hank covered Hans' mouth with his big hand. Gert saw Hank's hairy ass sinking and rising to the tempo of his fierce fucking. The dark eye between his furry buttocks winked at Gert invitingly while Hank's strong buttocks clenched and relaxed like clockwork. Gert stripped off his shorts and entered the camp site buck naked.

When Gert's erect cock hit Hank's furry pucker, the man stopped fucking instantly and tried to get on his feet. "Don't stop now, you motherfucker, or I'll kill you," Gert said pressing a stick between Hank's shoulder blades. Gert then took a good hold on Hank's flanks and forced his rock-hard cock inside the heavily gasping man. When Gert's cock was buried inside him to the hilt, Hans tweaked Hank's erect nipples very hard and Gert smacked his lips like spurring a horse. Hank was no novice in these games, but having his ass filled with a hefty load of throbbing man meat at the same time as his throbbing cock was squeezed by a hot boy's ass was too much for him. His whole body started to tremble and no matter how hard he struggled against cumming, he lost the gamble and shot his load in a violent orgasm.

"You've had your fun, man. Now it's time for us to have our way with you. Pull out your filthy cock," Gert ordered pulling Hank by his hair. "Now, suck my friend's cock and make him happy, you son of a bitch. I must warn you that if you try anything, I will slit your throat with this knife," Gert said and fucked his ass in hot fury. Lying on the ground Hans gazed at Gert's handsome face as Hank's stubbly chin rubbed his bare thighs while the man ate his crotch with frantic avidity. When Hans started to howl and throw his head from side to side, Gert reached his climax too and they emptied their cocks inside the husky guardian simultaneously.

When the gasping and heaving Gert stretched out on the ground, Hank saw that instead of a knife he only had a stick in his hand. At first he was furious, but then the situation made him laugh. "Two fucking Boy Scouts forcibly fucking a grown man any fucking way they want! That's fucking unbelievable!" he said.



Gert wrapped his arm around Hans and Hank saw how their cocks started to stiffen again. "Well, I'd better go fetch that firewood myself. I see that you two lovebirds have other things in mind," Hank said and left Hans and Gert at the camp.

Hardly was he gone when Hans and Gert were in each other's arms and ardently making love on that lonely spot in the middle of the vast forest. Afterwards they fell asleep holding each other in a tight embrace. When they woke up the sun was already disappearing and it was getting dark. "What if he comes back?" Hans asked. "Don't worry, baby," Gert said and kissed him. "I saw him take his backpack. He's on his way to the camp right now quite assured that he'll never see us again," Gert said. "What shall we do?" Hans asked in distress. "We'll wait until the moon comes up and then we'll return to camp. I dropped white stones on our way here and it won't be too hard to find them in the bright moonlight. In the meantime we can do something more important," Gert said and gave Hans a passionate kiss.

When the moon appeared into the sky, Hans and Gert picked up their things and started to walk. In the bright moonlight it was easy to see the white stones and Hans soon forgot his fears. It was already very late when they arrived back at the camp and sneaked into their beds.

Early in the morning they were still at sleep when Hank came in to give a wake up call. He couldn't believe his eyes when he saw Hans and Gert in their beds. He rushed back to the guardian's barrack and told the others what had happened.

"I don't understand how they found their way back here," Hank moaned. "Well, we don't have time to worry about that right now," one of his pals said. "We'll have to get rid of them as quickly as possible. I suggest that Ross take them to Clayton Creek. We can say that we need another camp over there, and since Hans and Gert already have experience in building a campsite, it's only natural that we choose them to help Ross," another one said and everybody agreed.

Ross was a handsomely built man with short cropped hair and a prominently bulging crotch. When he stepped into the barrack and woke up Hans and Gert, he didn't give them any time to prepare for the trip. Gert was sure that they would be left alone in the forest again, but he had no time to go pick up any stones. He did have a bag full of jelly beans, though, and he stuffed them into his pockets. As Ross led them further from the camp, Gert noticed that they were now walking in another direction and dropped the jelly beans one by one at regular intervals. When they arrived at the alleged campsite, Ross sent Gert to cut some firewood.

Hank had told Ross how he had fucked Hans while the other boy was looking for the firewood and Ross intended to have his share of the boy too.

As soon as Gert had disappeared into the bushes, Ross grabbed Hans in his arms and tore off his pants. "I'm going to fuck you, boy. I've watched your cute ass all the way up here and now I have a hardon worthy of any ass. Your lover will be away for a while and we can play the old bouncy-bouncy, you and I. What he doesn't know won't hurt him either, eh?" Ross said with a gruff voice.

Hans' resistance didn't help him any, and soon he found himself under Ross and impaled with his hefty weapon. Gert knew what to expect and remained nearby to see what was going to happen. When he saw Ross´ thick cock plunge inside Hans, Gert stripped off his shorts and sneaked behind the passionately fucking man. As his turgid cock forced its way in between Ross´ hairy buttocks, the man yelped and tried to get up. "Stay where you are, you punk, or I'll kill you with my knife," Gert shouted and pressed a stick against the man's sweaty back.

Hank had told Ross how he had fucked Hans, but for understandable reasons he didn't say a word about how they raped him. Ross had no reason to believe that Gert wouldn't jab him with his knife and so he obeyed his orders. "You wanted to fuck, so let's fuck," Gert said and thrust his rock-hard cock inside the moaning Ross. Hiss ass had never been fucked before and when Gert's big cock forcefully entered him, Ross´ body soon trembled in a shattering orgasm and he shot his load. Gert forced Ross to suck Hans and kissed and fondled his euphoric lover while plowing Ross´ ass with great gusto.

When Gert collapsed on top of Ross, Hans had already shot his load and lay on the ground in a euphoric mood. Gert stretched out beside him and they fondled each other most intimately. Embarrassed, Ross cleared his throat and said that he had something to do, but Gert and Hans knew that he wouldn't return. They were not worried, though. They knew that they could find the jelly beans as easily as they had found the white rocks and get back to the camp on their own. Confidently Hans opened his legs for his lover and Gert fucked him long and passionately in the warm afternoon sun.

When they woke up it was already dark. Quickly they dressed and collected their things. Hugging and kissing each other they started the long trek back to the camp. At first it was easy, but soon they noticed that there were no jelly beans anywhere. The small animals and birds had eaten them all and soon they had to admit that they were totally lost in that vast forest.

For several days they wandered amidst the trees and underbrush. They climbed on top of the high hills, but all they could see was the vast virginal forest stretching out toward the horizon in every direction. At first they were not too worried. They ate berries and drank water from the crystal clear brooks. They fucked whenever they wanted and didn't care if they could be heard from miles away. They slept in each other's arms and woke up when the birds started to sing at daybreak, but gradually they became tired and irritated. The berries began to taste like shit in their mouths and they couldn't catch anything else to eat. They had been lost for almost a week when they climbed on top of yet another hill and saw a wreath of smoke rising from the woods. "There has to be somebody who can help us get out of here. Let's get going, "Gert said and hurried to that direction. Hans stumbled after him and occasionally Gert climbed into a tree to check that they were going to the right direction. The smoke was still there.

After several hours of trekking they finally came to a small opening in the woods and saw a small hut among the trees. The smoke was still coming out of the chimney and Hans and Gert hugged each other in delight.

They went closer and knocked at the door. "Come in, it's open," they heard a gruff voice say from inside. At first they didn't see the man when they came in, but he was sitting in a dark corner, buck naked, with a shotgun in his hand and a bottle of whisky next to him. "Put your bags on the floor and come closer," the man said lifting his gun. "Who are you? I've never seen you before," he said rising to his feet. He was a big rugged man who looked like a logger. He had a strong muscular body and a big semi-hard cock to match.

Hans and Gert swallowed hard and began to tell him what had happened, but the man didn't seem to listen. "Drop your pants or I'll shoot you, and I mean it," he said. Hans and Gert saw the shotgun pointing at them. The man seemed to be serious and Hans and Gert didn't have any choice. They dropped their pants and stood in their birthday suits in front of the stranger. "My, my. What have we got here? Two beautiful "boy toys" eager to get fucked just when I needed one. Get down on the floor and put your hands behind your backs," the man ordered and Hans and Gert had to obey him. They heard a clicking sound as the man handcuffed them. "Yep! I was right, boys. You've got beautiful asses," the man said and fondled their bare buttocks. "I feel like fucking tonight, boys, and my hump mobile will give you the ride of your lives. Aren't you two sweeties lucky?" the man purred and shoved his big fingers deep inside their butts. "Hey, you! Get up," he said slapping Gert on his buttocks. When Gert climbed to his feet, the man made him sit in a chair and tied him up with rope. "Here you have a nice private box for the premiere of the show.

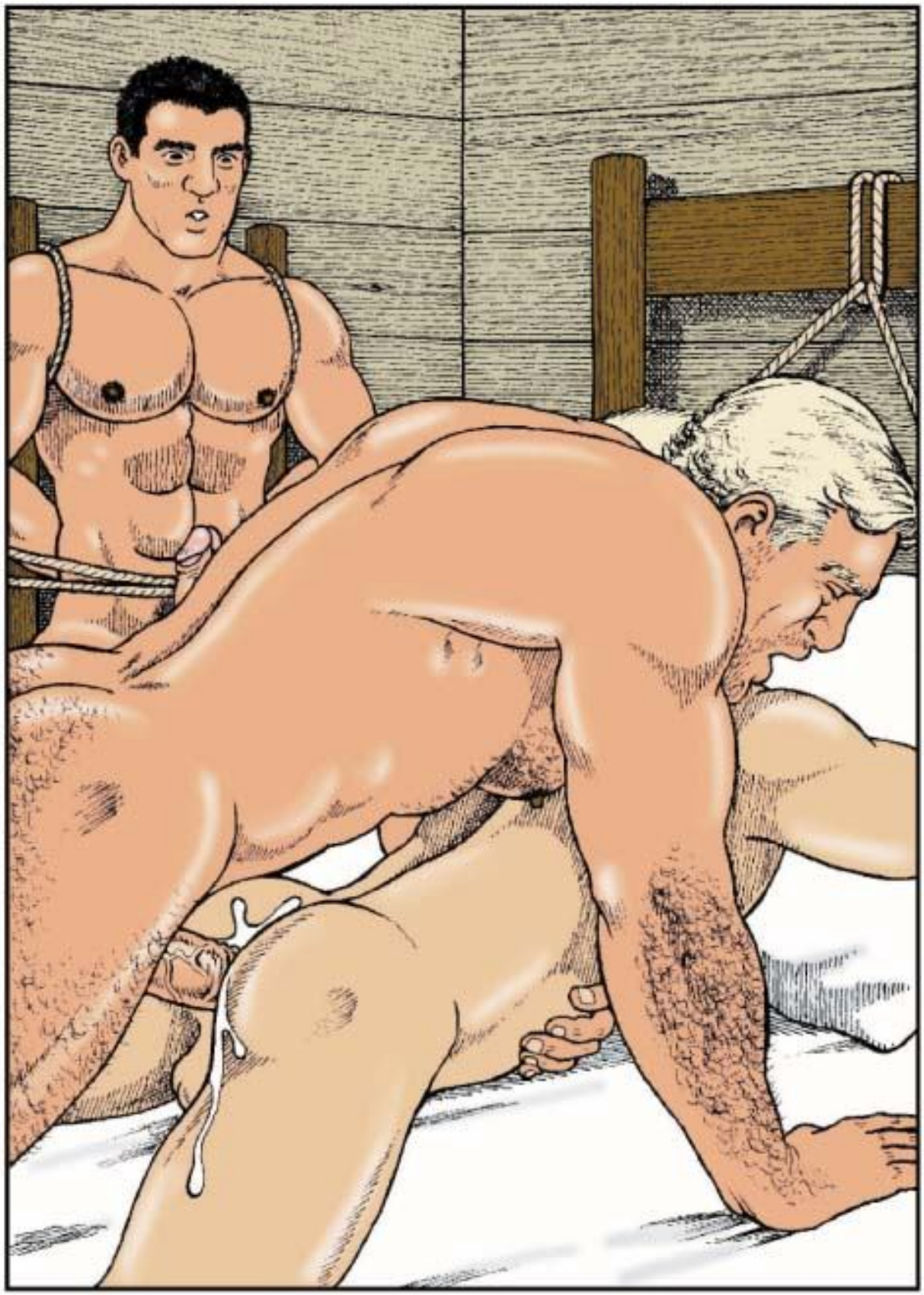
Now, watch carefully while your leading lady meets Dickie and the boys for the first time in this one act play: 'Beauty and the Beast'," the man growled and thrust Hans on top of his filthy bed.

He tied Hans' hands and legs to the bed posts and made the helpless boy lie there spread-eagled. The man picked up the whiskey bottle and took a long drink. "OK. Spill it now. I want to know what you boys were doing in the forest and how you found my cottage," the man said. Gert thought that if he told the man everything that had happened, he might let them go and that's what he did.

"Tough luck, boys," he said fondling his erect cock. "Those guys at the camp were strictly amateurs. I'm the king of these woods and you are my slaves now. I usually pick my slaves personally and they live as long as they keep my cock happy. Is that understood? You'll obey my orders and every disobedience will be punished. You'll stay alive just as long as I say so," the man said hitting Hans' buttocks hard. "From now on you two little whores don't touch each other. All the fucking in here is done by me and me alone. There are cells in the cellar where I keep my whores and you will stay there too. You will only come up here to get fucked or to do your duties. I'm a strict disciplinarian, but if you keep my cock satisfied, you might live a little longer. If not, You'll soon end up in an unmarked grave with the other sluts I've killed," the man said.

During his speech his thick cock lifted its heavy head and stood up in full erection. "It's time to see now what goodies your fiancée has to offer to the new lusty best man," he said and climbed into the bed. In agony Gert watched while the man thrust his massive cock inside howling Hans. The boy wriggled and gasped in pain, but with a furious roar the man forced his big fat cock inside him to the hilt. "Like it, baby? I bet you do. It's a real man's cock and it makes you feel much better that the weenies the other boys have to offer you," the man grunted and he started to move his cock back and forth in Hans' tight ass. It was not the unusual size of the man's cock that made Hans cry and wail in desperation, it was the way he used it. Holding Hans' flanks in an iron grip he used his big fat cock like an ice-pick. He rammed the boy's butt with fierce energy and forced a cleft in the gap without the slightest concern about his partner.

"See how this little piglet moves its tiny ass in heat when the Big Bad Wolf is fucking him," the man gnarled amidst his heavy panting and his fury increased visibly. Gert tried not to look, but he couldn't help hearing them. "Little piggy wants to be covered with cum, doesn't he? Big Bad Wolf is going to drown the horny little piggy with his gooey cum," the man bellowed as he furiously fucked the helpless boy.



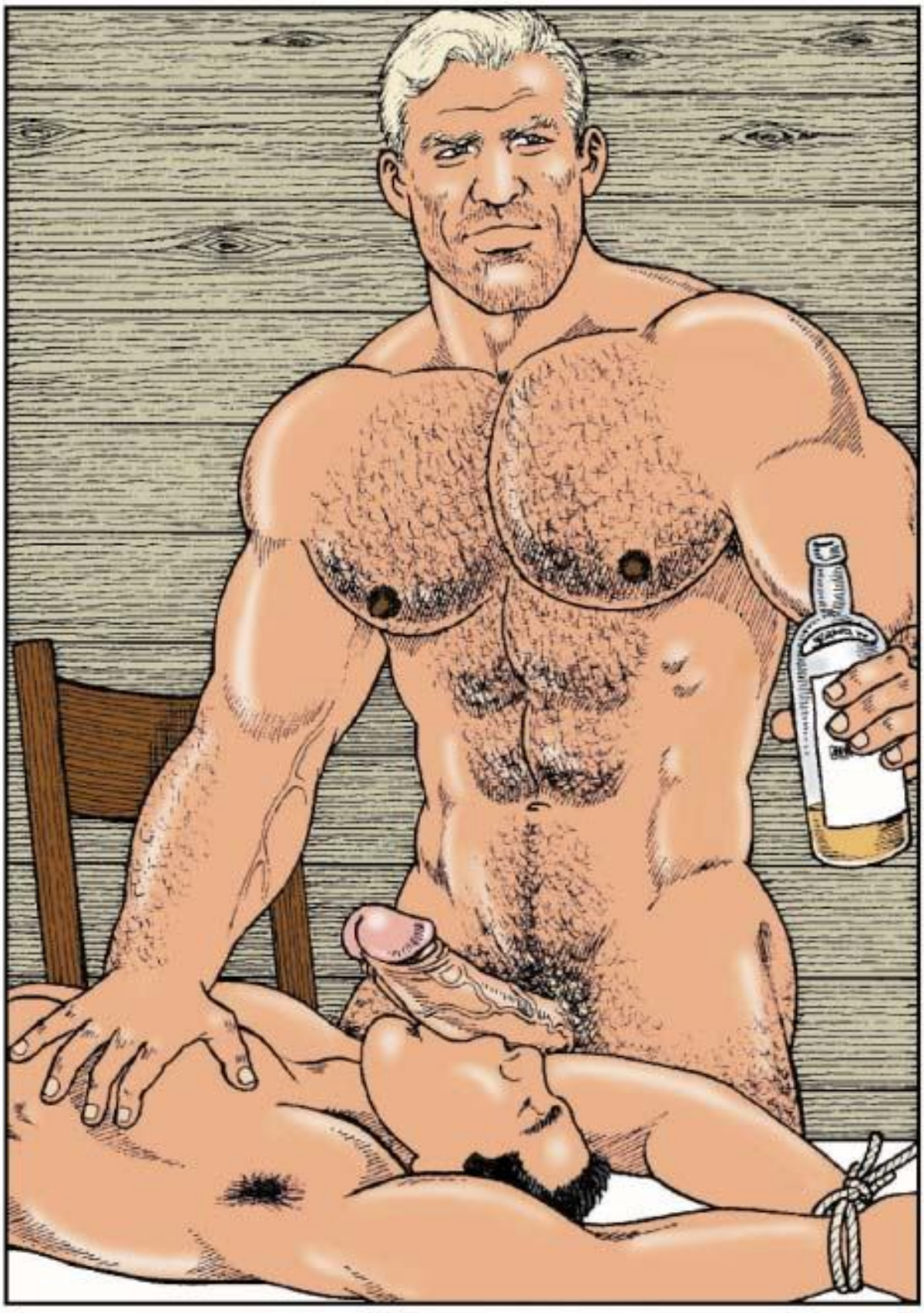
He then arched his back and for a few seconds he was frozen motionless. Then every muscle in his brawny body turned alive and with a ferocious struggle he emptied his cock. He collapsed on top of Hans and the half-unconscious boy was barely able to breath under his weight.

He then pulled out his cock and wagged it in front of Gert. "Your honey isn't very faithful, is he? Piglets are like that, they give their small rosy asses to the biggest hogs with pleasure, but I've got something for you too. Lick my cock clean, lover boy. It tastes and smells like your sweetie, that I can assure you," the man said and grabbed Gert's hair in his big hand. He put his wet cock to Gert's lips and forced his mouth open. Pulling Gert's hair the man thrust his cock inside Gert's mouth and made him lick his cock clean.

After that he untied Hans and took him into the cellar. As the man opened the door, Hans saw that the cellar had a dirt floor and there were no windows. There were four separate cells down there with iron bars as thick as broomsticks. There was a dirty mattress and a pail in each cell, nothing else. The man opened one of them and pushed Hans in. "There is no way you can escape from here, so don't even try. I'm going to fuck your hunky beau now. What a pity you can't hear his ecstatic moans when I impale him with my cock," the man said and locked the cell. "Give Daddy a kiss, little piggy," the man said and while he kissed Hans through the bars, the man took off his handcuffs. He then left the room locking the door behind him.

Hans was in complete darkness and tried to hear what was happening upstairs, but he couldn't hear anything. The door to the cellar was so thick that it blocked all sounds from above. Left alone, Gert tried to free himself, but it was all in vain. The man had done his work well and the chair was too heavy and strongly built to be broken. Then the man returned and untied the ropes. He threw Gert on top of the bed before he had a chance to do anything and tied him again to the bedposts in the similar way as he had tied Hans. He took the whisky bottle and pulled the chair closer to the bed. He took a long drink and started to talk. His name was Marty and he was an escaped convict. He told Gert how he had been arrested for murdering a young boy.

"That little slut wanted my cock so bad that he followed me everywhere. Then one day I fucked his face a little too hard and broke his neck. I didn't intend to kill him, it was an accident. Then the cops began to pry into my affairs and accused me of murdering other boys too, but that was not true. They were all accidents, all of them. I was sentenced and they put me into a maximum security prison for life."



"I won't stay in any prison for life. There are too many nice boys in need of my big cock and I escaped three years ago. I know these woods like the back of my hand because I was once a logger here. I know the area and all the logger camps, hunting lodges, and abandoned mines around here. I settled down in this hut. It's owned by the logging company, but nobody comes here anymore. There's plenty of game and fish around here and when I need supplies or somebody to keep me company, I go to the towns down the river and take what I need. You boys are the first people who have come here on their own, all the others I had to bring here with force," Marty said and took a long drink from his bottle. "What happened to them?" Gert asked. "Oh, they were town's people. They were not used to living in the wilderness and they just died, mainly due to all kinds of accidents," Marty said.

"But enough of me. You look like a bright boy and we may get along real well. We could bring boys up here and have a lot of fun, just the two of us," Marty said fondling Gert's butt. "You need some discipline first. A young colt like you has to be trained and bridled. You have to learn how to behave when your master is in the saddle and to obey his orders;" Marty said and climbed onto the bed. When Marty thrust his rock-hard cock inside him, Gert understood why Hans had moaned so desperately. The girth of Marty's thick cock made him shudder and wriggle his tormented ass. "Steady, boy, steady," he heard Marty say and with a fierce thrust he buried his cock fully inside the howling boy. When he began to fuck Gert, Marty did it even more violently than with Hans. While his massive cock vigorously plowed Gert's furrow, Marty slapped his ass cheeks very hard.

"Go, boy, go," he bellowed like a maniac and tweaked Gert's nipples as if trying to crush them. When Marty finally brought Gert down to the cellar, Hans saw that his butt and thighs were full of dark red bruises and his nipples were bleeding. He saw minor bruises all over his body and his legs were wet to the knees. "You have a fine stud here and he knows how to take a cock too. We had a very enjoyable ride together, but unfortunately he tried to throw me off the saddle and I had to teach him some discipline. Those bruises will soon heal and he'll be as good as new," Marty said and pushed Gert into a cell opposite Hans. "All that fun and games made me hungry. I'll give you something to bite later," Marty said and left the cellar.

In the pitch darkness Gert told Hans what had happened and what Marty had told him. "We are in deep trouble," Hans said. "I know. We better keep him happy long enough to find a way to escape. We have to get out of here before either of us gets into an accident too," Gert said. After a while Marty came back and brought them something to eat.

Their life with Marty was pretty much the same from day to day. Marty fucked them both several times a day and kept them locked in the cellar in between. Hans and Gert tried to figure out when Marty was out of the cottage, but they didn't become any wiser. Occasionally Marty ordered them to tidy up the cottage or to do some housework, but only one at a time and he kept an eye on them all the time. They were not allowed out of the cottage at all.

Weeks went by and then one day Marty caught a wild boar. He was overjoyed and decided to roast it over an open fire. He brought Gert up from the cellar to help him. He had already cleaned the carcass and together they skewered it. Gert made a fire and turned the roast while Marty drank his whisky and kept an eye on him. He talked about his life and became a little drunk. When he came to check the roast, some fat fell into the fire and long flames touched his clothes. For a few seconds he turned his back to the boy and that was all Gert needed. He hit Marty in the head with his shotgun and pushed him into the fire. When Marty fell down, he overturned the roast and the flames flared up as the fat ignited like a torch. His whiskey-soaked jacket quickly caught fire and in only a few seconds the unconscious Marty was completely engulfed in flames. He suffocated long before Gert managed to pull him out.

Gert found the keys to the cellar from what was left of Marty's clothes and rushed to free Hans immediately. They hugged and kissed each other passionately, relieved that they had survived. They hadn't been able to touch each other for a long time and their embraces soon turned into heated groping and they rushed upstairs. With ecstatic vigor and vim they made love in Marty's bed until they were both totally drained. Holding each other in a tight hug they fell asleep without any fear.

They found Marty's boat hidden in the rushes and used it for their escape. At home they told what had happened and the police were able to confirm Marty's identity. Upon searching around the cottage, they found several graves. His victims were boys who had disappeared mysteriously from the towns and villages nearby. The guardians of the camp were arrested too and brought to justice for their crimes, but the sheriff and his son disappeared one night and nobody heard about them ever again. It was rumored that the sheriff was his son's first lover and he didn't want to face charges on that.

Hans and Gert continued to live as neighbors and became inseparable. If you saw one, the other one was never far away. They often spent nights together in each other's houses and strange noises were frequently heard from their rooms during the night.

Their parents were not worried about that. It was only natural that the boys had nightmares after such traumatic experiences, but nobody could help them better than the boys themselves. This was frequently proved to be true when after a night of intense nightmares, the boys emerged beaming with joy and looking healthy and completely happy. Their parents were sure that the close bond and genuine affection between Hans and Gert had helped them through all those horrible incidents, and of course they couldn't have been more right.

COME BACK NEXT MONTH WHEN DADDY GANDER TELLS THE STORY ABOUT MR. FROGMAN!

# MR. FROGMAN

Once upon a time there was a boy named Jason who lived in a big city. His parents had divorced and Jason lived with his mother in a shabby neighborhood. Jason seldom saw his Daddy and because his Mom didn't want him to get too friendly with the other kids in the ghetto, Jason was mostly alone. There was a condemned building across the street behind a high fence and Jason found his way in there. He played ball and considered the house as his private domain.

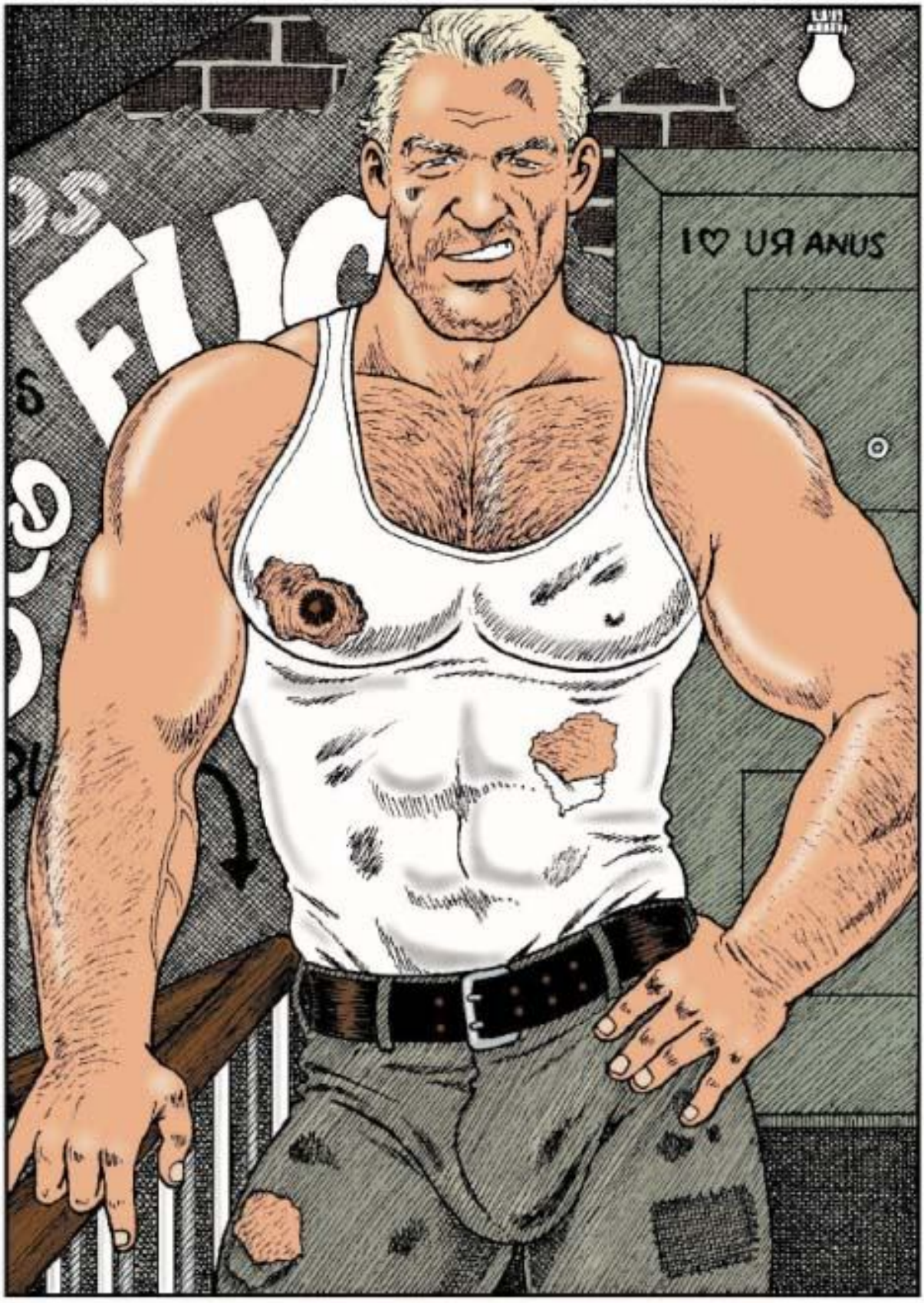
One day Jason ran across the street and threw his ball over the fence as usual. He climbed over to get it and to his amazement he saw bulldozers around the almost demolished house. He looked for his ball, but couldn't find it. There was a big hole in the floor and Jason realized that his ball must have fallen through it and into the cellar. The ball was a gift from his Daddy and it was his most valuable possession.

"Oh, no! What am I going to do?" Jason cried in despair. "What's the matter with you, boy?" a voice said. When Jason looked up, he saw a big brawny man standing in front of him. He was dirty and his clothes were mere rags. His hair was unkempt and his stubbly face was sweaty. He had dirt under his fingernails and he was hairy like a beast. His skin was smudged with soot and dust and he actually looked more like a troll than a human being.

"I have lost my ball and it's very important to me," Jason stuttered. "Well, you've got no business hanging around here, boy. This house is being demolished so that a new house can be built on this site. So get going now and run home before you hurt yourself," the man said.

"But I need my ball. I can't go without it. My Daddy gave it to me," Jason said. "All right, I'll go and find it for you, but what will you give me in return?" the man asked with a croaky voice.

Jason didn't have much to give, but he collected marbles and baseball cards. "You can have my collection of marbles or baseball cards," he said. The man looked at him and said, "I don't care about your marbles or your baseball cards... but if you'll let me fuck you, I'll find your ball."


I ♡ UR ANUS

Thinking that the man was just teasing him, Jason said, "Whatever! I'll give you anything you want to get my ball back." The man looked at him intently and asked, "Anything? Are you sure?" Jason nodded his head. The man turned around then and went down into the cellar. After a while he came back with Jason's ball. "Here's your ball," he said and threw it to Jason. As soon as Jason got his ball he rushed out of the building. "Hey, wait for me," the man shouted and ran after him, but Jason was fast on his feet and he climbed over the fence before the man could catch him. Frightened, Jason ran home and gradually calmed down. There was nothing to be afraid of. It was only a joke that the ragged man had invented Jason reasoned, and soon forgot all about it.

Later that night when Jason and his Mom had finished their meager dinner, they heard loud knocking on the door. "I wonder who that might be," said Jason's mother. "Go open the door, Jason, and see who it is." As Jason opened the door he saw the ragged man who had saved his ball standing outside. "Have you forgotten what you promised?" he asked, but Jason slammed the door in his face and leaned against it trembling from fear.

"Who was it, dear?" Jason's Mom asked. "Oh, nobody. Just a guy who gave me back my ball." And then Jason told his mother what had happened, but of course he couldn't tell his mother that he had promised to let the man fuck him. Instead of that he said that he had promised the man that he could see his marbles. "Why didn't you let him in then? A promise is a promise. If the man helped you get your ball back then it's not too much to ask to let him see your marbles," Jason's mother said and then they heard loud knocking on the door again. "Go now and let the man in. If you promise something you have to keep your promise," Jason's mother said.

Jason opened the door and asked the man to come in. When Jason's mom saw the man in his ragged clothes, she apologized for her son's bad manners and asked Jason to take his guest to his room. "I have some shopping to do, but Jason will keep you company," she said as she took her coat. When the door closed behind her, the man grabbed Jason in his hairy arms. "Why did you cheat me? You promised to let me fuck you, remember?" the man said and started to peel off Jason's clothes. "But I don't rightly know what fucking is. I thought you were only teasing me," Jason said. In vain he tried to resist the man, but his big hands were much too strong for Jason. "A promise is a promise," the man said fondling Jason's nude body with his big hands. "But I'll make a concession for you, boy. I won't fuck you tonight if you help me jack off," he said and yanked down his pants revealing his furry legs. He bent down and took off his heavy boots. As he straightened up again he was buck naked and Jason's wide eyes were fixed on his huge erect cock.

Rising from a thick bush of curly pubes it looked like a giant smiling frog in the rushes. Its bald head was ruby red and terribly bloated. The big balls were glued to the solid shaft and under its tight skin Jason saw bulging veins. The frog nodded its big head just as if preparing to jump and to his embarrassment Jason noticed that his own dick reacted the same way.

The man opened his legs wide and asked Jason to kiss his cock. Jason kneeled in front of him, but he hesitated touching the ugly frog. The man then pressed Jason's face against his throbbing cock and rubbed its plumb head against Jason's lips. "See? It won't hurt you. It's a cock... the pride and joy of every man. It can bring a lot of pleasure into your life, but first you got to learn how. Come and sit here beside me," the man said and wrapped his arm around Jason. As the man pulled him under his arm, Jason was embarrassed. The man smelled of sweat and his skin felt hot against Jason's nude body. Strangely enough the rank smell of sweat wasn't altogether unpleasant and soon Jason forgot all about it. "Take your cock in your hand and give it a few strokes like this," the man said and stroked the thick shaft of his cock with his fingers. "Feels good, doesn't it?" he growled.

Suddenly the ugly frog opened its only eye and a teardrop began to run down its plump shiny-skinned cheek. The man wiped it off with his finger and smeared it on Jason's own throbbing dick. As the man's big fingers fondled the exposed head of Jason's cock, the boy yelped involuntarily and his erect cock shuddered in his hand. Then the man began to fondle Jason's buttocks and his fingers plunged deep between his smooth asscheeks. At the same time he whacked his solid meat with increasing velocity and his heavy breathing turned erratic. The knob of his massive cock turned bigger and darker until it glistened like a polished apple in the light. Suddenly the man howled loudly and his whole body trembled. Then a huge load of pearly-white cum burst out and splattered his furry legs.

Jason's eyes had been fixed on the man's terrible tool, but he had stroked his own cock as the man had ordered. He reached his climax unknowingly and only realized what was happening when a stunning orgasm hit him. Jason shuddered and wriggled in unbearable excitement and then relief came like a flash. Whining and moaning he collapsed against the heaving man in a state of utter euphoria.

After a while the man dried himself with his shirt and got dressed. "This will do for today, but tomorrow I'll be back and then I'll fuck you," he said and walked out. Jason cleaned up their cum in a hurry and washed himself before his Mom returned. Afterwards he felt a bit depressed and dirty, and he was also worried about tomorrow.

But later, when Jason laid in his bed, his cock turned rock-hard and he couldn't keep his hands off his crotch. To his embarrassment his thoughts circled around one subject only: the man's enormous cock. He could still feel its hot shaft against his face and its big turgid knob touching his lips. The fishy smell of that ugly frog still lingered in his nostrils and he recalled how it spat its gooey contents over and over again. Jason tossed and turned in his bed trying to think about something else, but somehow that smiling one-eyed frog filled his imagination and the image of it kept coming back. Finally he fell asleep, though.

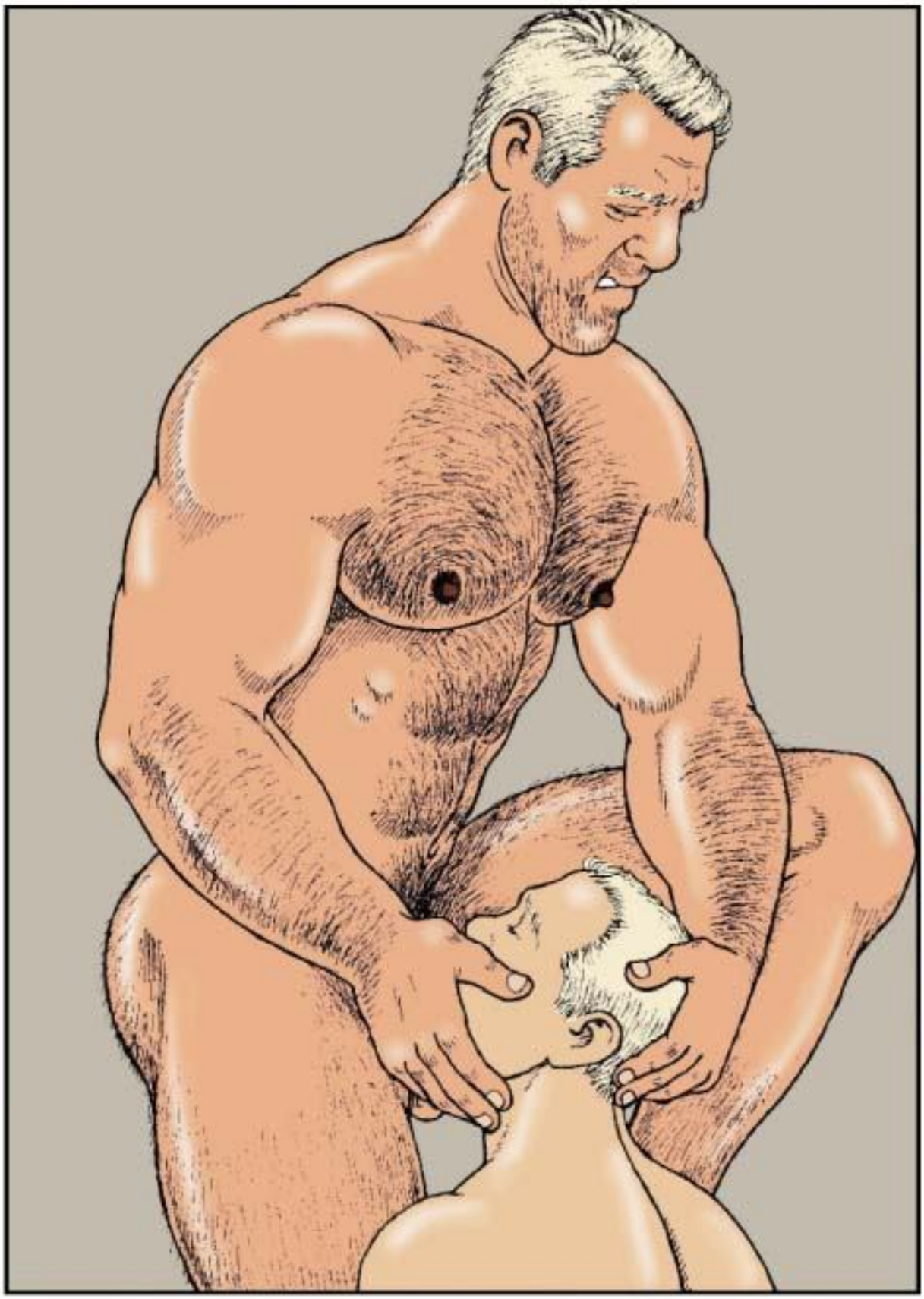
The following day was difficult. Half of the time Jason was afraid that the man might come back and the other half he was afraid that he might never see him again. Jason had told his Mom that Mr. Frogman, his new friend, might come to see him again that night because he wanted to see Jason's collection of baseball cards too. Whatever his Mom might have thought, she wasn't against that. "In that case I'll have an opportunity to finally go and see your aunt, Molly," she said.

That night, his mind was in total turmoil and his every nerve was alert while he watched television with his Mom. Jason was constantly listening to every sound in the stairway and yet when he heard the loud knock on their door, it made him jump and his heart missed a beat.

Jason's knees felt weak when he opened the door and saw Mr. Frogman standing outside. "Hi, kid! How are you tonight?" Mr. Frogman said and walked in. After the usual small talk, Jason's Mom took her coat promising to be back early. As soon as the door was closed, Mr. Frogman grabbed Jason in his strong arms and started to strip off his clothes. "Tonight I'm going to fuck you, boy, like you won't be fucked for a long time. My cock is full of piss and vinegar," he said and tore off the rest of Jason's clothes. "But I haven't been fucked before," Jason cried out. "Why can't you wait a little longer? This is all so frightening," Jason added.

"Are you kidding me? You can't live around here without somebody copping your cherry sooner or later," he said looking at Jason suspiciously.

"But it's true. Please, Mr. Frogman. Don't force me to do that yet," Jason begged. "Mr. Frogman, eh?" the man chuckled and after a long silence he said," All right. I'll give you one more reprieve. I won't fuck you tonight, but tomorrow you must spend the whole night with me. Is that understood? You promised to let me fuck you, but now you make all kinds of excuses. This is you final reprieve, boy, so tonight you must satisfy my lust with your mouth," Mr. Frogman said and stripped off his clothes.



As Jason kneeled in front of Mr. Frogman and looked at his bushy crotch, hot and cold waves ran along his spine. Mr. Frogman's monstrous member looked both scary and alluring at the same time. Mr. Frogman pushed down his jutting cock until its shiny knob hit Jason's lips. "Take it into your mouth, boy, and give my lusty dick a proper kiss," Mr. Frogman said and put his hand around Jason's neck. Jason would have given anything to avoid taking that horrible-looking frog into his mouth, but there was no way out. Mr. Frogman forced it harder against Jason's lips until he had to open his mouth. He smelled that fishy scent again as the big plump head of Mr. Frogman's sturdy cock plunged deep into his mouth. Much to Jason's surprise it didn't taste bad at all and the firm knob felt smooth and nice against his tongue. "Don't forget my balls, son," Mr. Frogman said and pulled out his cock. He pulled Jason even closer until his lips touched Mr. Frogman's furry ballsack. "I want you to warm them up in your mouth, boy," Mr. Frogman said. Jason took one of the big balls into his mouth and inhaled the musky smell of the man's bushy crotch. "That feels good, son... damned good," Mr. Frogman sighed and asked Jason to suck the other one too.

Jason saw how Mr. Frogman's cock turned frisky and jerky as his tongue fondled the man's big balls. Mr. Frogman lifted Jason's face and thrust his rock-hard cock into Jason's half-open mouth. "Now suck this big lollypop as if your life depended on it," Mr. Frogman said in a hoarse voice. Jason did what the man asked and soon he saw how Mr. Frogman's strong thighs started to tremble. The man grabbed Jason's head in his hands and began to fuck his face vigorously. At first it wasn't too bad, but then his cock plunged deep into Jason's throat and plugged it. It happened time and time again, but Mr. Frogman held Jason's head in such a tight grip that there was nothing he could do.

Through his blurred vision Jason saw Mr. Frogman's furry crotch swaying in front of him in a furious tempo and then his face was buried into the bushy thicket for what seemed like an eternity. Mr. Frogman held Jason's head with both hands and with noisy bellowing and loud snorts he shot his load into Jason's mouth. The rank smell of his cum hit Jason's nose when he was able to breathe again. His mouth was full of the slimy substance and Mr. Frogman's big cock spurted in more all the time. He had to swallow it all and he realized that it tasted very mild, almost sweet. Obediently Jason licked every drop of it into his mouth. Then Mr. Frogman pulled out his cock and got dressed. While putting his clothes back on he told Jason what he expected him to do. "You must tell your Mom that I'm going to show my marbles to you and I shall pick you up tomorrow. I don't live in the city and therefore I'm going to take you out of town for the weekend. All you need is your toothbrush. Do you understand?" Mr. Frogman said.

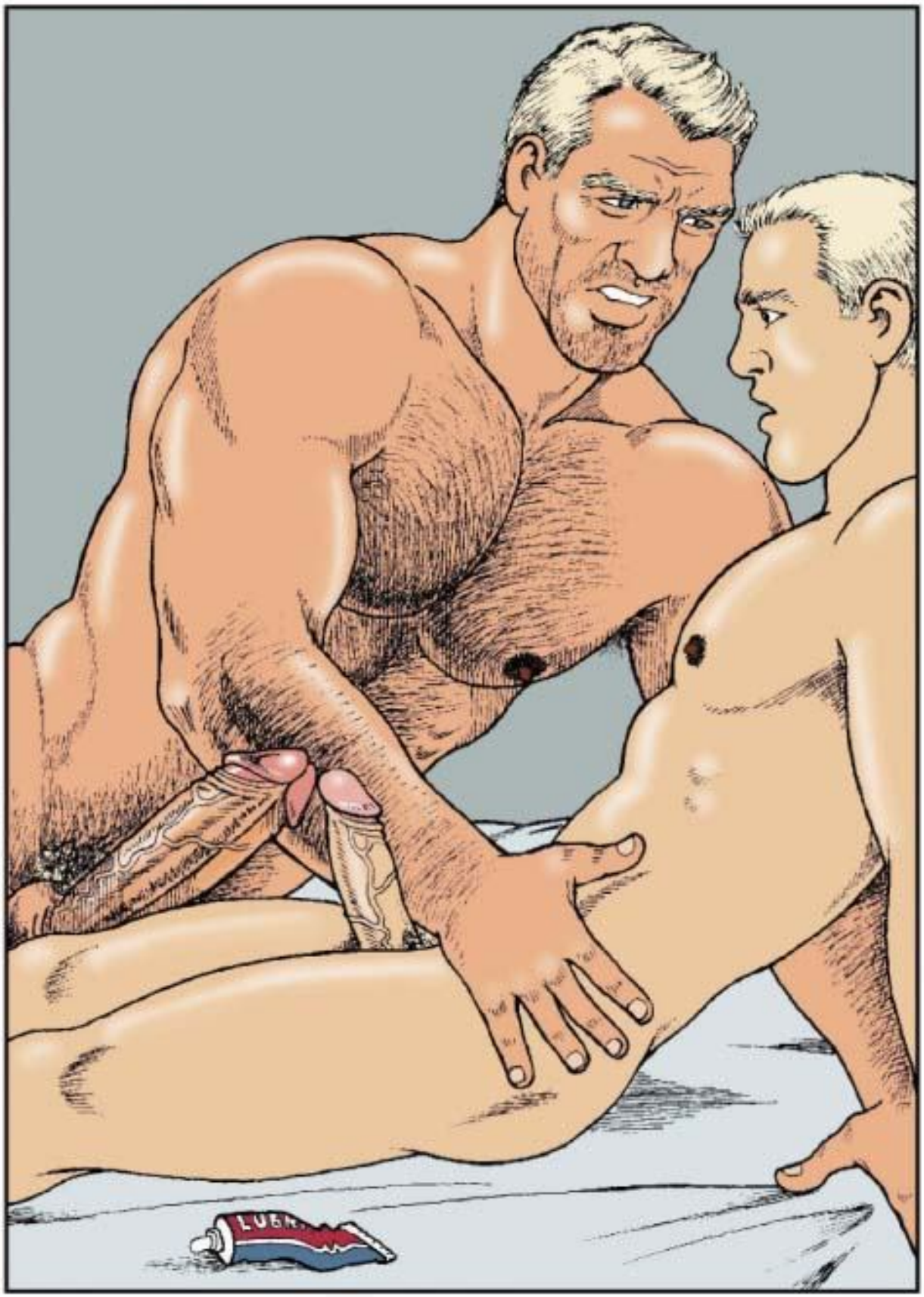
After he had left, Jason washed himself and although he brushed his teeth several times the smell of Mr. Frogman's cum still lingered. Jason was deeply depressed as he thought about the situation. He wished he had never gotten entangled with this disgusting man. He was a big bully, untidy and ugly-looking. It made Jason blush to think how he was forced to kiss the man's big ugly frog. Tears of frustration welled up in his eyes when he thought that he was to be forced to spend the weekend with Mr. Frogman, but there was nothing he could do about it. If disappointed, Mr. frogman might tell everything to his mom and Jason liked that idea even less.

Jason told his mom what Mr. Frogman had said. "But that's wonderful, dear," Jason's mom said. "You spend too much time with me anyhow and it's time for you to get some male company," she said. Later that night Jason tossed and turned in his bed again. When he closed his eyes he could taste Mr. Frogman's cock in his mouth and smell the musky scent of his bushy crotch. Suddenly Jason's cock was rock hard again and he couldn't keep his fingers off of his prick. "That ugly beast has cast some kind of spell on me," Jason thought before he fell asleep.

When Mr. Frogman arrived the next day to pick up Jason, he was dressed in old jeans and a t-shirt. He took Jason's overnight bag and put it into his car which was an old "junker". Jason was morose and didn't speak much when they headed out of town, but Mr. Frogman didn't seem to care about that and they drove in silence.

Mr. Frogman's house was an old farm house surrounded by an overgrown garden. The nearest neighbors were miles away and suddenly Jason was hit with fear. Mr. Frogman took Jason in and locked the door behind him. He then closed all the curtains saying that they needed some privacy now. "Strip off your clothes, boy. Let's get on with it. Today I'm finally going to fuck you, remember?" Mr. Frogman said and started to undress. He guided the naked Jason into his bedroom and made him climb on top of the bed. He then grabbed Jason in his strong arms and started to fondle his nude body.

"Can't I just suck your cock again?" Jason asked. "I'm not ready for this yet," he said. "Cut the crap," Mr. Frogman bellowed. "I won't take any guff from you anymore. Ready or not, you're getting fucked right here and now. Lube my cock, punk," he said and gave Jason a tube of gel as he stretched himself out beside Jason. Mr. Frogman's cock was hard and erect when Jason took it in his hand and started to lube it with the gel. It became frisky again in Jason's hands and although its skin was soft and pliable, the core of Mr. Frogman's cock was hard as if set in concrete when Jason had finished his job.


LUBE

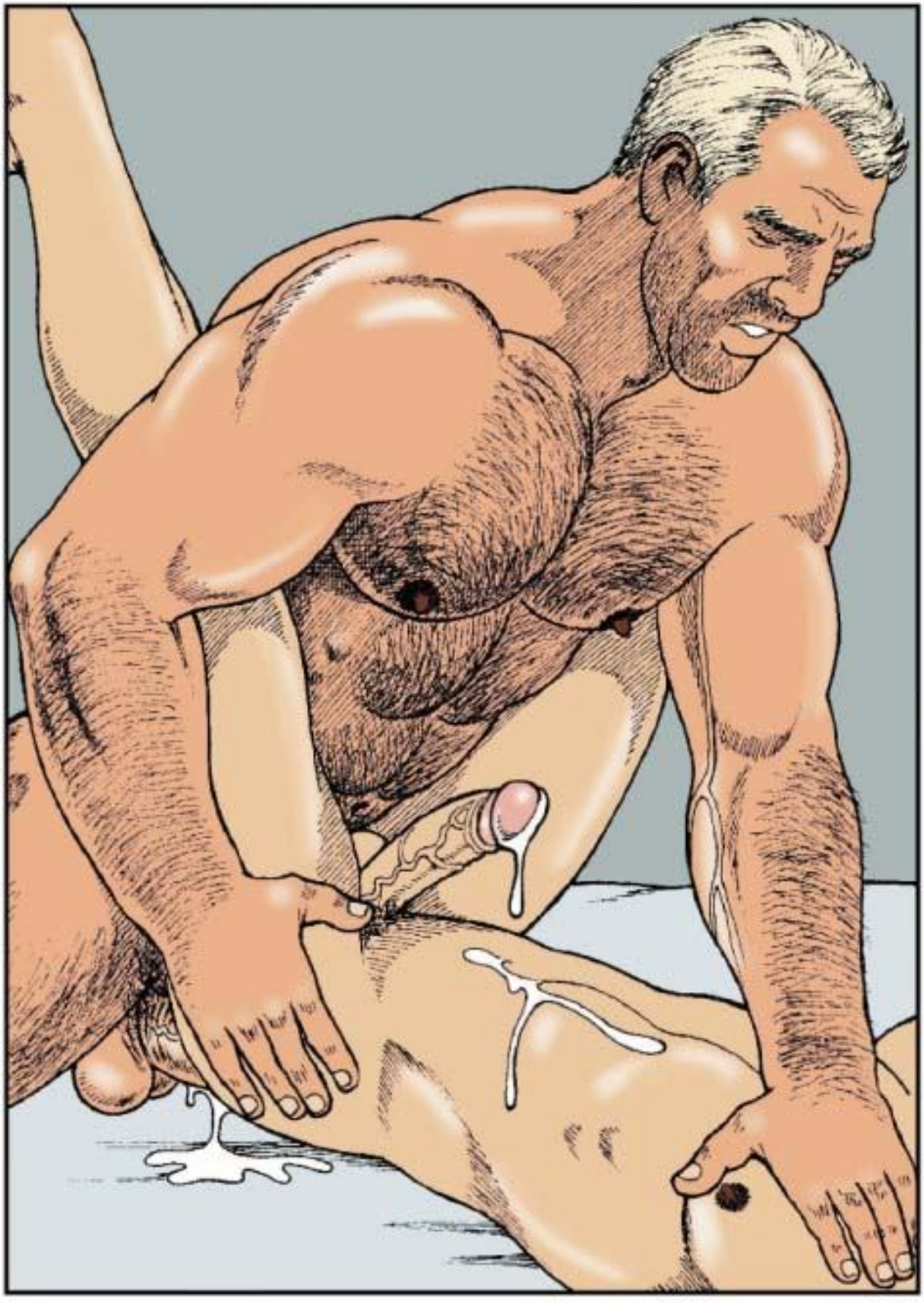
Then Mr. Frogman pulled Jason on top of himself and pulled his legs wide apart. Mr. Frogman's big greasy fingers soon found Jason's pucker and the boy bit his lip when he thrust his fingers deep inside Jason's butthole and lubed it with the gel. It didn't actually feel that bad and Jason relaxed a little. "That should do it," Mr. Frogman said and put the tube on the table. He then turned Jason on his back and lifted his legs in the air. Jason could feel the fat head of Mr. Frogman's cock pressing against his pucker and with a forceful thrust he shoved it inside. The boy yelped as a sudden pain hit his rectum, but Mr. Frogman forced his huge cock inside the wriggling boy and slowly glided it in all the way. Poor Jason howled in agony and tried to free himself, but Mr. Frogman held him in an iron grip.

Jason pulled his hair and tried to scratch his face, but Mr. Frogman didn't back out an inch. He then began to move his massive cock back and forth in Jason's tight chute and it felt like a direct hit at Jason's primal nervous system. He convulsed in Mr. Frogman's embrace and whined and howled desperately all through the act, but it wasn't the pain that made him howl. Somehow Mr. Frogman's big cock hit a hidden nerve inside Jason and drew him to the edge of madness. He buried his fingers in Mr. Frogman's hefty shoulders and turned his head from side to side to ease the unbearable excitement that Mr. Frogman's enormous cock aroused in him.

Mr. Frogman pounded Jason's butt with vigor and vim and his muscular body slapped against Jason with a force that pumped the air out of Jason's lungs in short sharp cries. Then came the last merciful blow and Jason was floating on air. His moans turned soft and muffled and finally ceased altogether. Mr. Frogman bellowed like a bull and after a violent struggle he collapsed on top of Jason. He wrapped his arms around Mr. Frogman's sweaty body and pulled the heaving man closer. Something hot was gushing inside him and he had never felt as euphoric as in Mr. Frogman's powerful embrace.

Mr. Frogman lifted his sweaty face and gave Jason a long kiss. When his big tongue glided deep into Jason's mouth and met his tongue, Jason answered his kiss eagerly. When Jason opened his eyes and looked at Mr. Frogman, something magical had happened. Mr. Frogman didn't look ugly to him anymore. The features of his face that had disgusted Jason before looked most desirable now.

He had to admit that actually Mr. Frogman was a very handsome man in a rugged masculine way. Jason kissed him again and held him in a tight hug. The more he looked at Mr. Frogman, the more he liked what he saw. He was suddenly a very happy boy.



As they chatted in bed, Jason learned that Mr. Frogman's real name was Frank Russell. He was a construction man and used to hard work. When Frank got up and walked to the bathroom, Jason watched his every move. He registered every detail in Frank's gorgeous body and his mouth turned dry out of sheer lust. His eyes fondled Frank's body from his solid neck to his beautifully curved buttocks, from his trim waist to his hefty shoulders and of course to his massive cock. Jason was stunned by Frank's looks and he couldn't understand how he had been so blind. Frank was a perfect specimen of mature and virile man in his prime and Jason's cock turned rock-hard just by looking at him.

When Frank returned to bed he found a completely new Jason there. The reluctant boy had turned into a passionate lover and Frank was only too pleased to satisfy Jason's hunger for his cock. While Jason was eager to grant Frank's every wish, he was more than amply rewarded by Frank's passionate love making. They spent the whole weekend mostly in bed. To Jason it was all new and he couldn't get enough of his fabulous lover. Frank was more than happy for the unexpected change and time and time again he made his eager lover walk on air with the aid of his virile cock while holding him in a tight embrace as a violent orgasm shattered Jason's body.

When Frank drove Jason back to the city on Sunday night, the boy was reluctant to go until Frank had sworn to come and see him on his lunch break on Monday. The weekend with Frank was an eye-opener to Jason and he missed the touch of Frank's nude body dearly. Frank's deep low voice and his way of talking, the way he moved his body and his little gestures... even the way he walked, they all suddenly had a deep erotic effect on him and Jason's cock turned rock-hard the minute he was thinking about Frank. Frank's big hefty cock didn't look like a frog to him anymore and he thirsted for its delicious cream. During that night Jason had wild dreams about Frank and his rigid cock was throbbing desperately when he woke up in the morning. By lunch time Jason was walking restlessly until he heard the familiar knocking at the door.

From then on Frank never had to ask for sex, Jason was always ready for him. They spent a lot of weekends in Frank's house and Frank also fucked Jason during his lunch breaks. When Jason's mom saw how infatuated Jason was with Frank, she was only happy that he had finally found a father figure and a role model in his life.

# THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Once upon a time there was a married couple who had for years tried to have a child of their own, but to no avail. Then quite unexpectedly, the wife became pregnant and gave birth to a beautiful baby boy. His parents were so elated that they invited almost everybody in their family to the christening ceremony of little Andrew.

One person they didn't invite, however, was Andrew's uncle, Herbert. He was the black sheep of the family with a long criminal record. Herbert messed around with drugs and might have embarrassed Andrew's parents and their guests with his wild and uncontrolled behavior. When the ceremony was over and everybody had given their gifts to the newborn baby, the door suddenly burst open as Herbert rushed in. "You bastards didn't invite me to the party, but I'll give my gift to the baby anyway. I'll give him a happy childhood, but when he becomes a teenager Andrew will hurt his arm with a needle and you will hope that he was never born," Herbert roared in anger and rushed out.

There was an awkward silence for a while, but nobody took the words of an old junkie seriously. After an incident like that it's only natural that Andrew's parents wouldn't have anything to do with Herbert and he soon disappeared from the town completely.

Andrew grew up and became a good-looking boy. One day his best friend, Simon, took him home and gave him his first drink of hard liquor. It made him feel kind of funny but they kept on drinking until somehow they ended up in Simon's bed where Andrew soon lost his cherry in the arms of his lusty friend. After that Andrew and Simon were inseparable. Together they went to lots of parties, smoked pot and had wild unrestricted sex whenever they could. One day they were at a party at a friend's house when Andrew noticed a dark stranger who was a good deal older than the other guests. He wore tight fitting pants and a shirt that was open all the way down to his belly button, revealing a tight six-pack and massive pecs. He was six feet five and built to scale. He was fascinated by this man and Andrew couldn't keep his eyes off him. He felt increasing pressure in his crotch and his cock became rock-hard when their eyes met. The man came over and said, "Hi, I'm Herb. Wanna dance?"

The man pulled Andrew very close while they danced and he could feel that Herb had a hard-on too. His erect cock was pressed against Andrew's inflamed basket as if they were glued together. "There's a spare bedroom upstairs. Let's go, I want to fuck you now," Herb whispered into Andrew's ear and obediently he followed the man upstairs.

Herb locked the door behind them and stripped off his clothes. As if hit by lightning Andrew sat on the bed gazing at Herb's cock. It was bigger than anything he had ever seen before. It was swarthy with a thick veiny shaft, big balls and a plump head which glistened as if newly polished. "Nice, isn't it?" Herb said. "Don't just sit there, boy. Let me see some skin too," Herb chuckled and stretched out on the bed sporting his beastly cock with full confidence. Andrew stripped off his clothes and climbed into bed too.

Herb grabbed him in his strong arms and started to fondle Andrew's nude body. After a few long and passionate kisses Andrew was more than ready and Herb thrust his massive cock inside the moaning boy. Herb found Andrew's pleasure spot right away and while he fucked the euphoric boy, Andrew threw his head from side to side in utmost ecstasy. Herb fucked him alternating long penetrating strokes with fast short thrusts and slow sliding motions that made Andrew breathless. Herb fucked him with a precision that only a pro is capable of and Andrew trembled in his arms ready to cum whenever his lord and master would allow it.

Herbs lofty cock teased and grazed Andrew's prostate repeatedly until the boy was sobbing and wailing in a delirious state. With a few fierce and decisive thrusts of his strong hips Herb pulled his trigger and forced Andrew to blast his load, but Herb never even pulled out of the lust-ridden boy making sure that Andrew was constantly aware that his cock was buried deep inside him. And with a few skilled moves Herb had the boy moaning with lust again.

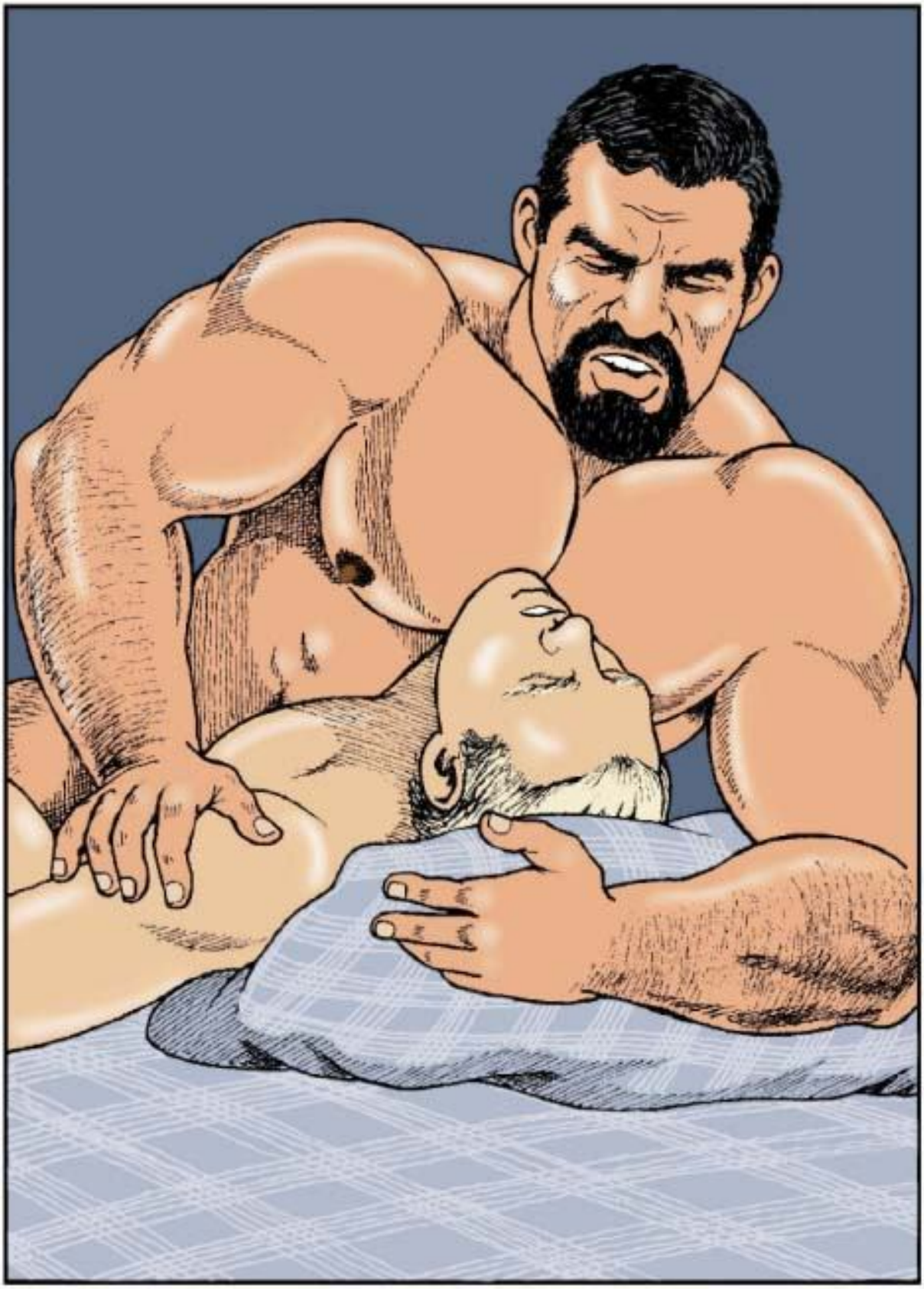
For two full hours Herb fucked Andrew and the boy was barely alive when he finally pulled out his cock. "Drained, are you?" he asked as he kissed the boy. "I've got something here that will put some zing back to you," Herb said and put some pills into Andrew's hand. "Come on, swallow them. They'll make you feel like million dollars," he said and gave Andrew a long kiss. Andrew swallowed the pills and soon Herb was fucking him again, but now it was different. Herb's big cock felt even more enormous and its slightest movement made Andrew howl and whine in ecstasy. At times he was sure that Herb's cock had turned into scalding liquid filling every pore in his body or it felt like a massive pole skewering his body as it grew bigger and bigger all the time.

He heard thundering drums and saw strange lights while Herb's lusty cock pounded his innards with a hypnotic rhythm. He was in a strange world of distorting mirrors and Herb was his guide in a dark jungle where strange voices filled the air. Andrew lost his sense of time and place. He trembled in Herb's amorous embrace and his solid cock filled Andrew's world. When Herb finally pulled his cock out it was very late indeed. They dressed quickly and Herb took Andrew home in his car. He gave Andrew his card saying that the boy could come and see him anytime he wanted. He gave Andrew one last dizzying kiss and drove away.

Understandably Andrew couldn't get Herb out of his mind. He looked at Herb's card many times and after a few days Andrew just had to see him again. Herb lived in one of the less refined parts of town and Andrew was surprised to see that his house was a ramshackle building which looked more like a warehouse. When he knocked on the door it was opened by a big brawny man whose face looked like it was carved out of stone. "What do you want?" he asked without bothering to be polite. "I want to see Herb," Andrew said and the man looked at him from head to toe. "What's your name, boy?" the man asked and Andrew told him. The man nodded his head and opened the door a bit wider. "Get in, boy. The boss is waiting for you," the man said and let Andrew in. It really was an old warehouse and Andrew followed the man to a small office in the far corner. The man knocked on the door and said, "The boy's here, boss."

After a sudden rush of movement inside the office, the door was opened. "Andrew. How nice of you to come," Herb said stuffing his shirt tails into his pants. Andrew saw a beautiful boy in the office and said, "Maybe it would be better if I come back some other time." "Oh, no, no. Roy here is just leaving," Herb said and pulled a small package out of his pocket. He gave it to Roy and the boy slipped out of the office. "I don't want to be disturbed tonight, Jake," Herb said to the big man and nodding his head Jake closed the door.

Herb pulled Andrew into his arms and said, "I've missed you, baby. Didn't you like what we did at the party? My cock gets rock-hard whenever I think about you. Wanna feel it?" Herb asked and guided Andrew's hand to his bulging crotch. Andrew could feel Herb's massive cock through the thin fabric. It felt hot and hard as bone. Andrew might have had his suspicions about why Herb's cock was so hard, but Herb soon made him forget all about Roy. When he peeled off Andrew's clothes and fondled his nude body, Andrew was ready to believe anything that Herb told him. Herb guided Andrew into another room with a large bed in it.



With fast growing excitement Andrew watched Herb's big fat cock while he took off his clothes. Herb lifted Andrew in his arms and carried him to the bed. "I'm going to fuck your brains out tonight, honey. Wanna try these again?" Herb asked and gave Andrew a few pills. What happened next was a replica of what took place at the party, only more intense. Andrew moaned in Herb's strong arms as the man fucked him with his miraculous cock over and over again. Finally Andrew was in a state where even the slightest movement of Herb's potent cock made him shake and shiver in ecstasy. Every nerve in his body was alive and responded to Herb's vigorous fucking.

By the time Herb drove him home that night, Andrew had already fallen in love with that exceptional man and agreed to meet him again. That started a wonderful period in Andrew's life. Every day after school he rushed to meet Herb. He was an assman par excellence and he knew how to handle Andrew. The boy was delirious in Herb's arms and soon he realized that he wasn't happy anywhere else. He was more and more reluctant to leave after Herb had fucked him and when Herb suggested that Andrew should leave his parents and start living with Herb, the decision was easy to make. He could not live without Herb anymore and he knew that if his parents found out that he was fucking a man much older than himself, they wouldn't accept that and he would be grounded. So one day he simply didn't return home and Herb took him to a gay whorehouse for hiding. Every night Herb came to see him and fucked the ecstatic boy until the daybreak.

Andrew couldn't have been happier, but one night Herb told him that he had to go out of town on business. He was going to send Jake to take care of Andrew in his absence so the delirious boy didn't think any more about it. The next day Andrew was very anxious though, but he assumed that it was merely because he wasn't going to see Herb that night.

Jake arrived as expected and took off his jacket. Then he took off his shoes and unbuckled his pants. As he was pulling them off, Andrew asked, "What are you doing?" Jake looked at him puzzled and said, "I'm taking off my clothes. Why?" Andrew looked at him in disbelief and said, "Why are you doing that?" Jake looked at him even more puzzled. "Because I don't want to stain my clothes when I fuck you. That's why," Jake said and stripped off his shirt too. "Fuck me? Who do you think you are? Herb is going to kill you if you as much as touch me," Andrew said in anger. "What ever makes you think that?" Jake asked with a wry smile." Because Herb loves me and he will never share me with others," Andrew said full of confidence.

"Oh, he wouldn't, wouldn't he? Listen, you little slut. Herb only loves himself. For him you are just another toy, a hole to thrust his big cock into. As a matter of fact I'm here only because he asked me to fuck you tonight, baby, and that's what I'm going to do. Like it or not, it doesn't make any difference to me," Jake said scratching his furry crotch.

"You are lying. Herb loves me and you know it," Andrew said as tears welled up in his eyes. "Listen, baby. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I know Herb better than you do. If he asks me to fuck you I'll do it," Jake said pulling Andrew in his arms. "Be a nice boy now and let uncle Jake take off your clothes. Look what I brought you," he said and pulled some pills out of his pocket. Before Andrew could do anything Jake pushed the pills into his mouth and made him swallow. "We are going to have a good time tonight," Jake growled as he tore off Andrew's clothes. Of course he was right. When Andrew stretched out on the bed totally naked, he couldn't remember why he had resisted the advances of that fabulous stud. When Jake took him in his strong arms and kissed Andrew's erect nipples, he felt intense pleasure filling his whole body and he opened his legs wide voluntarily. When Jake's big sturdy cock plunged inside him, Andrew was totally blissed out.

Jake fucked him numerous times that night. In fact they got out of bed only a couple of times and Andrew was stunned by Jake's endurance and virility. When Jake finally left it was already morning and Andrew felt a little guilty, but he couldn't say that he wouldn't let Jake fuck him ever again.

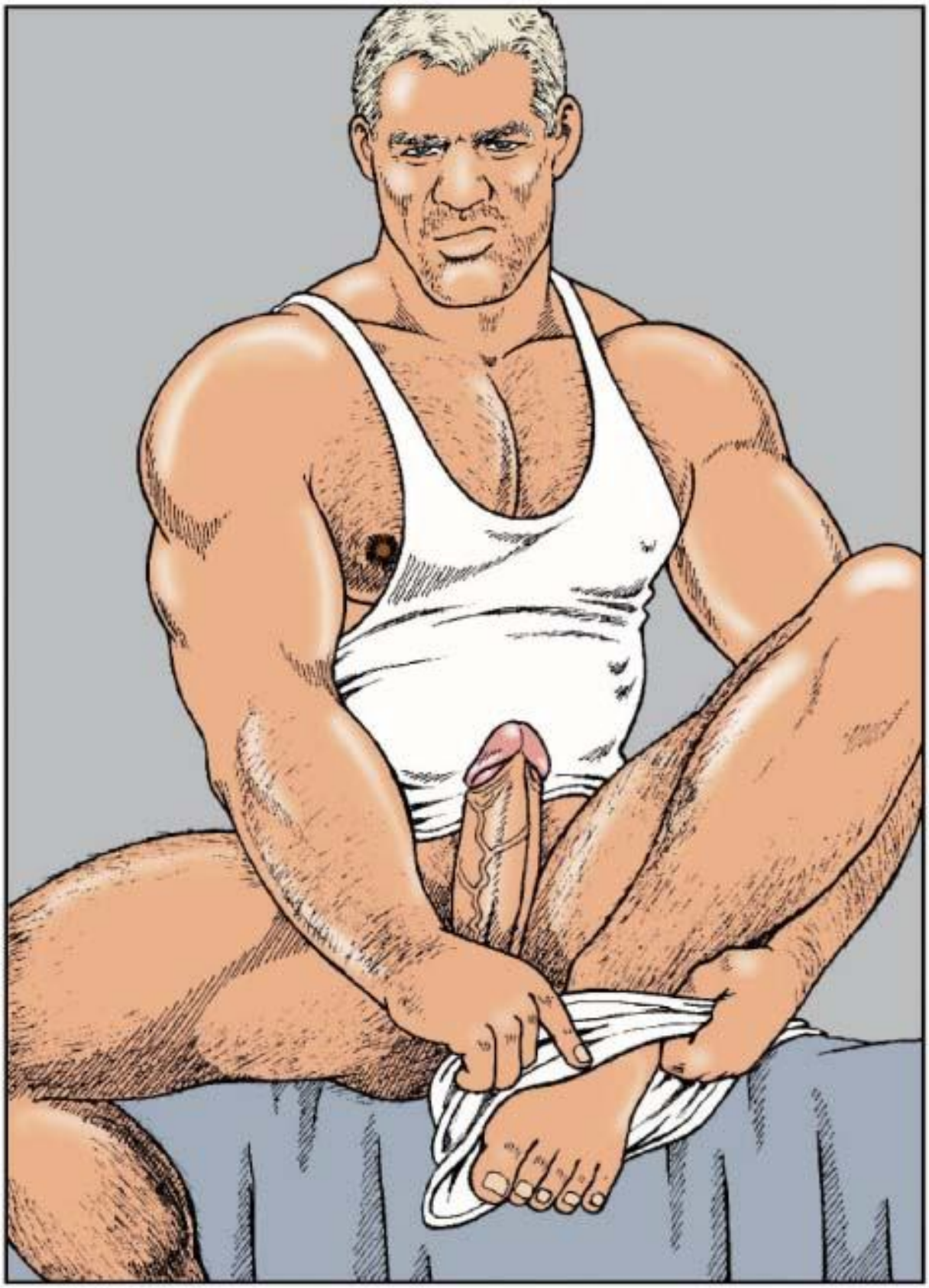
When he saw Herb again the next day, Andrew was irritated. "Why did you ask Jake to fuck me?" he asked right away. "Why? Jake is like a brother to me, we share everything. Do you think that your ass is too good for him? Do you think that my friends are not good enough for you, you little whore? Listen, baby, and listen carefully. You'll give your ass to anybody I want, do you understand? If I want you to fuck somebody, you'll do it and don't ask any questions. Is that clear?" Herb bellowed in fury. Andrew was shocked and didn't want to fight with Herb. Soon they were in bed with Herb fucking Andrew with the same intensity as always and Andrew was happy again. When Herb was putting on his clothes, he said, "Oh, by the way, my cousin Tom is coming to town tomorrow. He has no place to sleep and I'm going to send him here for the night. He's a nice man and I want you to take good care of him. He's a mature man in his prime and he will perhaps want to get a piece of ass too. Take care of his needs whatever they might be as a personal favor to me, OK, honey?" Andrew was so happy after the profound fucking that he promised to do that gladly. "Great. Here's a little something to make sure that you'll have good time," Herb said and gave Andrew some pills. "At least he asked first," Andrew thought.

After that Herb's pals and associates started to visit Andrew in rapid succession. In a few weeks the traffic had increased to the point that when one of them was leaving, the next guy was to arrive shortly. They were all mature men and horny as hell. Andrew had only a few opportunities to get out of the bed because he was always impaled by one big sturdy cock or another. As one of them was dressing one day, Andrew asked him to take a message to Herb whom he hadn't seen for quite some time. "Who the hell is Herb?" the man asked. It turned out that the guy had been sent to him by Rose, the brothel keeper, and he didn't even know Herb. Andrew's room was on top of the brothel, but he had a private entrance. Herb had explained that it was a safer place for him to live for a while because nobody could get there even if the brothel was raided.

Andrew was seething with anger when he realized that he had been sold like a common prostitute and he rushed into the brothel demanding an explanation from Rose. "Look, dear. I think you better talk about this with Herb," she said. Rose had apparently called Herb right away because he came to see Andrew shortly. "What's the ruckus about?" he asked and Andrew wanted to know why the brothel sent their customers to him. "I'm not a whore, you know," Andrew yelled. "Of course you are not a whore, honey, but you've got to understand that I have a lot of expenses because of you. I have to pay your rent, your food, your clothes and your drugs. It all adds up and I thought that if you entertain some guys in your spare time that would improve the situation considerably. Rose lets you live here while you are in hiding and she even gives you a small percentage of the profit if you take care of her best customers every now and then. Is that so bad?" Herb asked. When Herb then grabbed him in his arms and kissed him, Andrew was ashamed of his selfishness. When Herb took Andrew to bed and fucked him, the euphoric boy was ready to do whatever Herb asked.

From then on the number of men visiting Andrew rose dramatically. He was fucked all day and very often he had to sleep with a customer all night too. He didn't see Herb very often, but he always promised that very soon Andrew could come out of hiding. Then Andrew was moved out of his private rooms and placed into the brothel with the other boys. Andrew realized that he had been conned and Herb had no intention whatsoever of taking him out of the brothel.

He threatened to walk out and tell the police everything, so the attendants of the brothel caught him and locked him in a windowless room. Soon Herb arrived and he was furious. "What do you think you are doing? I thought we had an agreement, but now you messed up everything. What's the matter with you?" Herb asked.



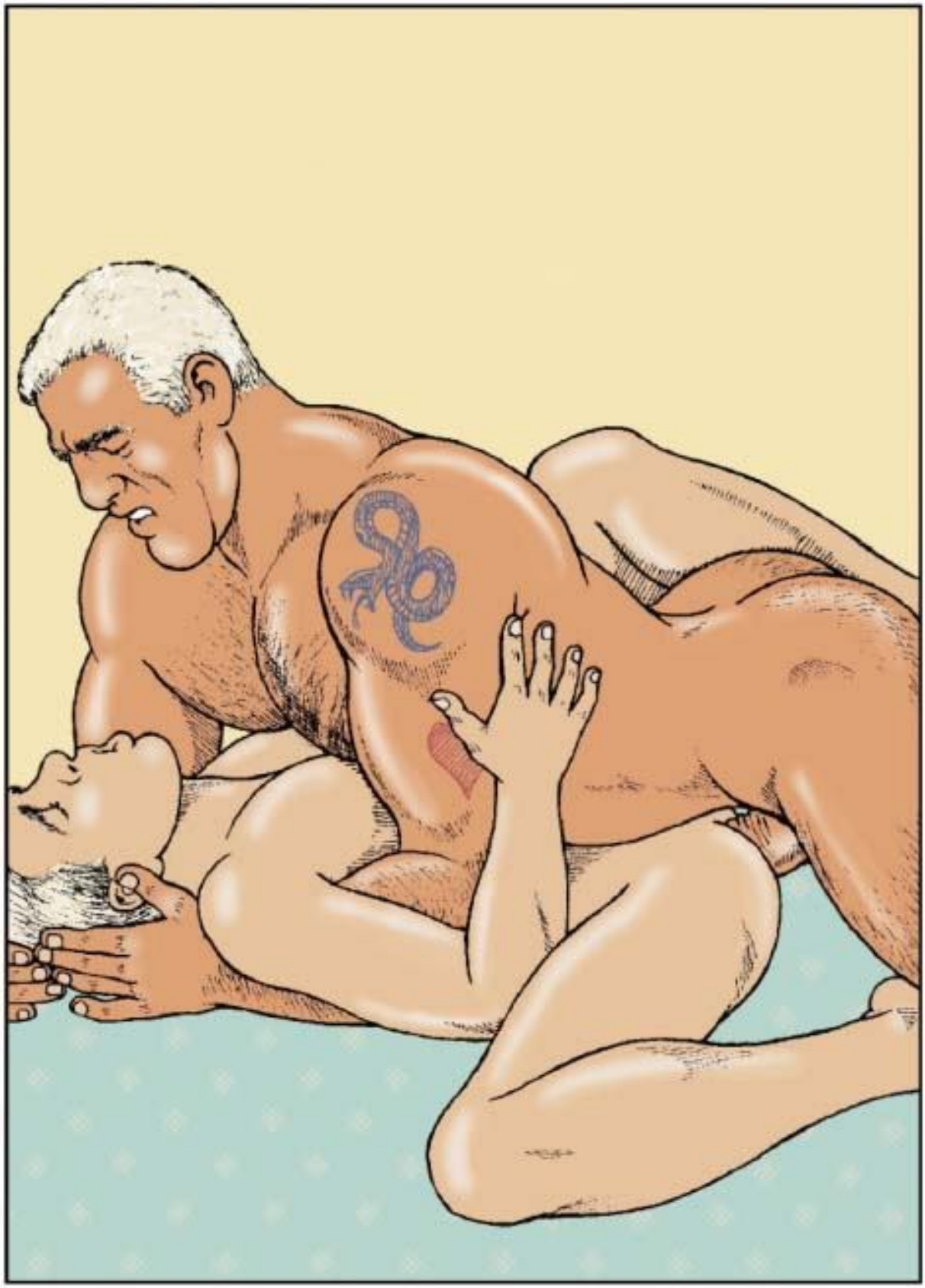
"I've had it. I'm not going to do whoring for you anymore. I'm going to leave you for good," Andrew shouted. "Is that so? Do what you will, I don't care anymore. Go on and leave me," Herb said and opened the door. "If I were you, I would think again, though. Where do you think you will get the drugs you need, you little slut? Think about that," Herb said. "Don't worry about me, I'll manage without you," Andrew said. "Is that so? I doubt that. And besides, you still owe me the money I have invested on you. If you don't pay me back in a couple of days, I'll be forced to send your parents some pretty nasty pictures of their son. There was a camera in your room, you know, and I bet there are a lot of interesting shots for your parents to see," Herb said with a cold voice.

His words hit Andrew like a ton of bricks and he collapsed on the floor. "I think you are smart enough to understand that we need each other. Be a good boy and get back to work," Herb said and lifted him up. "Give him a fix to calm his nerves so that he can get back to work again," Herb said to the attendants and walked away.

Using a syringe, they shot something into his arm and whatever it was, it helped Andrew to forget about all of his worries. He felt great when both attendants then fucked him and didn't resist them at all. They promised to give him more if he was nice to them and Andrew was delighted.

After that Andrew had no choice but to obey their orders. His use of drugs increased and he was soon too dependant on them to even consider escaping. He was stoned most of the time and he had a lot of clients, but he only had a faint recollection of those big walking cocks. They came in, did their tricks and went back out like the tide. Andrew let them use his body for their pleasure, but he hardly ever remembered them after they had left. Herb had a new boy in the upstairs apartment and Andrew never saw him anymore.

Then one day a robust sailor came in. He was covered in tattoos and when he took off his clothes, Andrew noticed that he was equally endowed to match his rugged frame. "Are you alright, boy?" the sailor asked and gave him a scrutinizing look. Suddenly tears flooded Andrew's eyes. "Yes, of course I'm all right," Andrew said and wiped his eyes. "Do you think you can handle this? You look a bit frail to me," the sailor said pointing at his enormous member which was fully erect now. "Aye, Sir. Of course I can handle that," Andrew said and the huge sailor climbed onto the bed. He pulled Andrew in his strong arms and kissed his neck.



"You'd better get rid of those drugs or they'll kill you," he said. "Yes, Daddy," Andrew said with irony in his voice. "I mean it, boy," the sailor said thrusting his throbbing cock inside Andrew and fucking him like the horny sailor he was. The sailor was kind of gentle with him and Andrew gave him his best performance. After a while the man, all sweaty and badly out of breath, laid on top of him and kissed his erect nipples. "Oh, boy! You really gave me a ride. I've seldom had a fuck like this," he groaned fondling Andrew's bare body. The man was soon ready for an encore and suddenly Andrew noticed that he was going to get an orgasm too. That hadn't happened for a long time, but the horny sailor knew how to handle him. "I love your ass, boy," the sailor said kissing Andrew's bare buttocks. "It would be a real pity if this hot ass turned cold because of these drugs,"

he said as he began to dress. He took a box of pills out of his pocket and gave them to Andrew. "Here's some medicine for you. Take these instead of those drugs whenever you need them. I know what I'm talking about. I was an addict once myself. I'll be back in a couple of days and bring you more. Promise me that you take them. I'd hate to lose a buddy like you," he said kissing Andrew before he walked out.

Andrew was puzzled. For the first time a client was interested about his well-being and that made him think. He studied the box carefully and decided to try them. He hid the box, but he took the pills regularly according to the instructions. It was not easy, but the sailor visited him regularly and brought him more. It was his ardent support that helped him over the first weeks and slowly Andrew started to recover. After a few months Andrew was feeling much better. It didn't have any dramatic impact on his life, though. The same endless flow of erect cocks hit him regularly, but at least he was able to recall with whom he had fucked. The hunky sailor visited him every day and he was the tower of strength for Andrew. His name was Burt and in a short time he was deeply devoted to his young protégé.

*To be continued in December...*

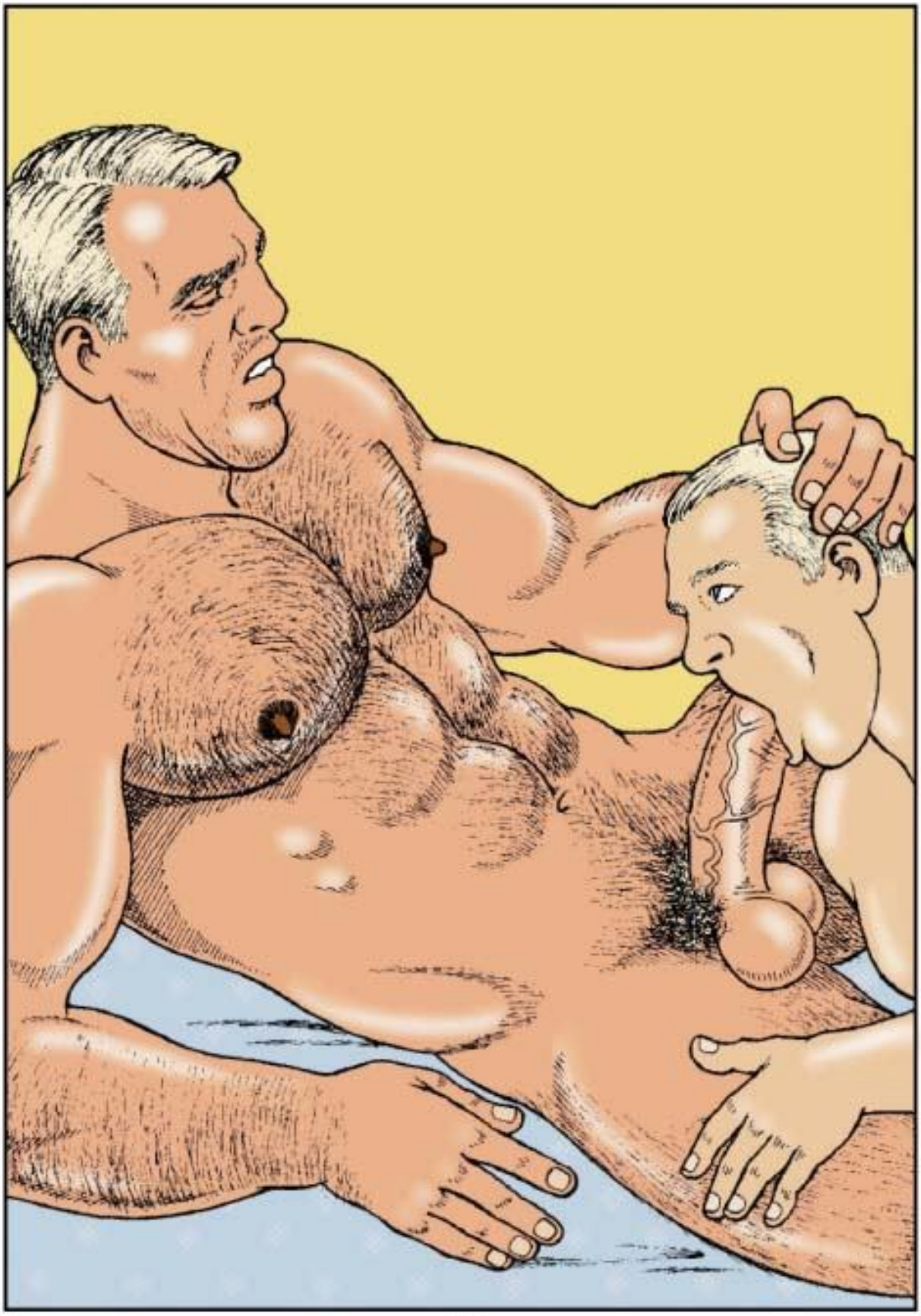
# THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
## Chapter II

Then one day another strange man came to see Andrew. He was goodlooking and very masculine, but obviously ill at ease with the situation and very shy. He sat down on the bed and said that Burt had sent him. He made no move to take off his clothes, but that was nothing new to Andrew. Some guys wanted to be stripped and Andrew sat down on his knee. He wrapped his arms around the man and kissed him. At first the man didn't respond to his kiss, but Andrew felt how his cock hardened against his butt. "Let me take off your clothes. You'll feel much more comfortable without them," Andrew said and started to peel off his clothes.

Up to that moment the man had avoided direct eye-contact with Andrew, but now he looked Andrew straight in the eye and said, "Don't do that. I'm a police officer." Without blinking an eye Andrew said, "What difference does that make? Cops have cocks too and your cock tells me that it needs some attention." When Andrew then kissed the man again and stripped off his clothes, he didn't resist anymore. He was beautifully built and when Andrew saw his erect cock his jaw dropped. "It's a beauty," he said and kissed its plump head. "There ought to be a law forbidding a man with a cock like that to wear any clothes at all," Andrew said and he noticed that the man blushed lightly.

When Andrew started to lick and suck the man's pride and joy it was apparent that he hadn't been handled like that before. He fell on his back and his bushy crotch twitched as Andrew sucked his cock. His massive chest heaved and his furry legs trembled as Andrew's hot mouth fondled his rock-hard cock more and more intensely. He arched his back and threw his head from side to side as the lusty heat became unbearable. "Oh, no, please don't," he sobbed and tried to push Andrew away, but Andrew had no intention of letting go of this tidbit.

With a heated moan he then shot his load and his sweet thick cream gushed into the boy's mouth. Andrew swallowed it all and teased the plump head of the man's cock with his slippery tongue until that beautiful cock was hard again.



The whole time the man laid motionless on his back moaning softly. Then Andrew climbed on top of him and guided the man's cock into his pucker. He pressed his strong sphincter against that beefy pole and let it glide inside him. Squatting on top of the man he then fucked himself with that big fat cock like a maniac. The man tossed and turned under him and tore at the sheets with his big hands. He clenched his teeth and moaned and groaned while beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. Andrew could feel the tension rising and then the man exploded again spurting his scalding cum like an erupting volcano.

It was all so exciting that Andrew lost all control and shot his own load all over the man's furry chest. The man saw that and looked at Andrew with curiosity. "Did you like it too?" he asked in disbelief. "Of course I liked it. In fact I liked it a lot. You are a very handsomely endowed man," Andrew said. "But I thought you only do this for money," the man said. "That's not entirely true. Yes, most of the time I do it for money, but sometimes it feels so good that I actually ought to pay for it. Luckily I don't have to, it's one of the few privileges of this job," Andrew said laughingly.

While Andrew licked his cum from the man's hairy chest there was a loud knocking at the door. One of the ushers peeked in and said "Time!" The man put his arm around Andrew's shoulders and said, "Don't disturb us anymore. I'll pay for the extra time." The usher nodded his head closed the door.

The man's name was Todd. He had grown in a small town in the Bible belt, and got a strict religious upbringing. He had been taught that a man's cock was the root of all evil and any sign of sexuality was strictly a taboo. When he realized that not only was he hungry for sex, but on top of that he was also gay, Todd knew that he was in deep trouble. He moved to a big city and joined the police force. As a result of his upbringing Todd had a deep-rooted feeling that his cock was ugly and the only people who could tolerate his lusty advances were the prostitutes and even they only for the money. As a police officer, Todd had to watch his step and so his sex life hadn't been very active. His friend, Burt, had told him about Andrew many times and he felt pity for the boy who struggled so hard against his drug addiction.

When he heard that the brothel was scheduled to be raided, Todd came to warn Andrew. When he first saw the boy, Todd was stunned by his looks. He avoided looking at Andrew because he was a bit ashamed of his feelings, but when Andrew then unabashedly sucked and licked his cock and with obvious enthusiasm too, something happened to Todd. He felt something dormant wakening and stirring inside himself.

As Andrew then fucked himself on his jutting cock with visible gusto, Todd knew that he had found something he had been subconsciously looking for. Something that he wasn't going to let slip out of his hands again.

That afternoon Todd finally unleashed his powerful sexual instincts and fucked Andrew with the passion and lust he had been forced to keep pent up for so many years. Andrew trembled and shivered in his strong embrace and howled in ecstasy while Todd fucked him. He buried his face in Todd's furry chest when they rested after their love-making and held each other tightly. Todd told Andrew that late that night the place was going to be raided and that Andrew had to get out of there before it happened. He gave Andrew his card and said that the boy would be safe at his house. Andrew kissed Todd passionately and promised to be there at six. Todd was a bit dizzy when he came out of the brothel. He couldn't quite believe what had happened to him, but he had never been happier in his life.

Andrew warned his best pal about the raid and started to gather his few belongings. He was just walking out when Herb appeared out of nowhere. "Get into the car. I just heard that this place will be raided tonight. We must find a safe place for you to stay," Herb said and pushed Andrew into his car. Soon they were driving north, leaving the city far behind.

"Where are we going?" Andrew asked. "I have a house some thirty miles from here," Herb said. Andrew's mind was in turmoil. He had been a fool to say anything about the raid to his friend since they all owed something to Herb for the drugs. Andrew wanted to contact Todd somehow, and checked to make sure that his card was still in his pocket.

As they drove in silence, Andrew's anxiety got worse every minute. It seemed that Herb had no intention of stopping anywhere. Andrew said that he had to pee and only then did Herb stop at a service station. Unfortunately, the toilet was outside so Andrew had no opportunity to get to the phone. He wrote a message on the wall, but was interrupted when Herb came in. "What the fuck is taking you so long?" he said, pulling Andrew out. Luckily he didn't notice the message that Andrew had written. He pushed the boy back into the car and drove off.

After half an hour he turned onto a dirt road and parked the car in front of a ramshackle house. "What are we doing here?" Andrew asked as Herb ordered him to get out. "You'll soon find out. Start walking," Herb said and led Andrew at gunpoint to the house. Its windows were all broken and the roof had collapsed in many places. Herb took him downstairs into the cellar and to his surprise Andrew saw that it was furnished.

"Looking from the outside you would never guess that anybody might live here," Andrew said. "That's the general idea," Herb said and hit Andrew with the butt of his gun. As the boy collapsed on the floor, Herb lifted him onto a hospital bed and stripped off all his clothes. He then made a fix and injected it into Andrew's vein. He tied the unconscious boy to the bed with strong tape, and after cleaning up a bit he left the cellar. He closed the soundproof door behind him, but he didn't notice Todd's card that Andrew had dropped and drove off.

Todd waited for Andrew all night and was disappointed when he didn't appear. He soon found out that he hadn't been arrested during the raid either. The boy had simply disappeared off the face of the earth. Then Todd got a curious phone call from a service station north of the town. Somebody had written his name and phone number on a toilet wall asking the reader to call him and report that Andrew was a kid. Todd thought that it was some kind of a prank and forgot all about it. But he couldn't get Andrew out of his mind though, and investigated the boy's disappearance on his own, however all his efforts were futile.

The first break came when he talked to Rose and found out about Herb. He checked the man's files and to his astonishment he found out that Herb was Andrew's uncle. When he talked to Andrew's parents he heard that Herb had a house thirty miles north of town. On his day off Todd drove north and suddenly he understood the meaning of the message in the toilet. It had to mean that Andrew was kidnapped, not a kid. Maybe some cleaning woman had wiped off part of the message. The service station was by the road he was driving on and that meant that Todd was on the right track. He turned into the service station, but as he had guessed, all the grafitti on the walls were removed regularly.

He drove on, since he had checked the location of Herb's house in advance, but when he saw the house his optimism disappeared. There was no way anybody could have lived in that house for years. All the windows were broken and the doors hung on their hinges. The roof had collapsed in many places and when he stepped in Todd realized that nobody had been there for a long, long time. There were no footprints on the dusty floors and no sign of any human activity around the house either. The garden was overgrown and if anybody had ever tended it, it must have happened many years ago.

When Todd was returning back to his car, he noticed a piece of paper on the ground. Mechanically he picked it up, but adrenaline filled his veins when he realized what it was. It was the card he had given to Andrew, but how it had ended up there? The boy must have brought it, but where was he now?

Perhaps Herb had hidden something in the house and had come to pick it up. The trail was definitely cold now Todd thought and drove back into the city.

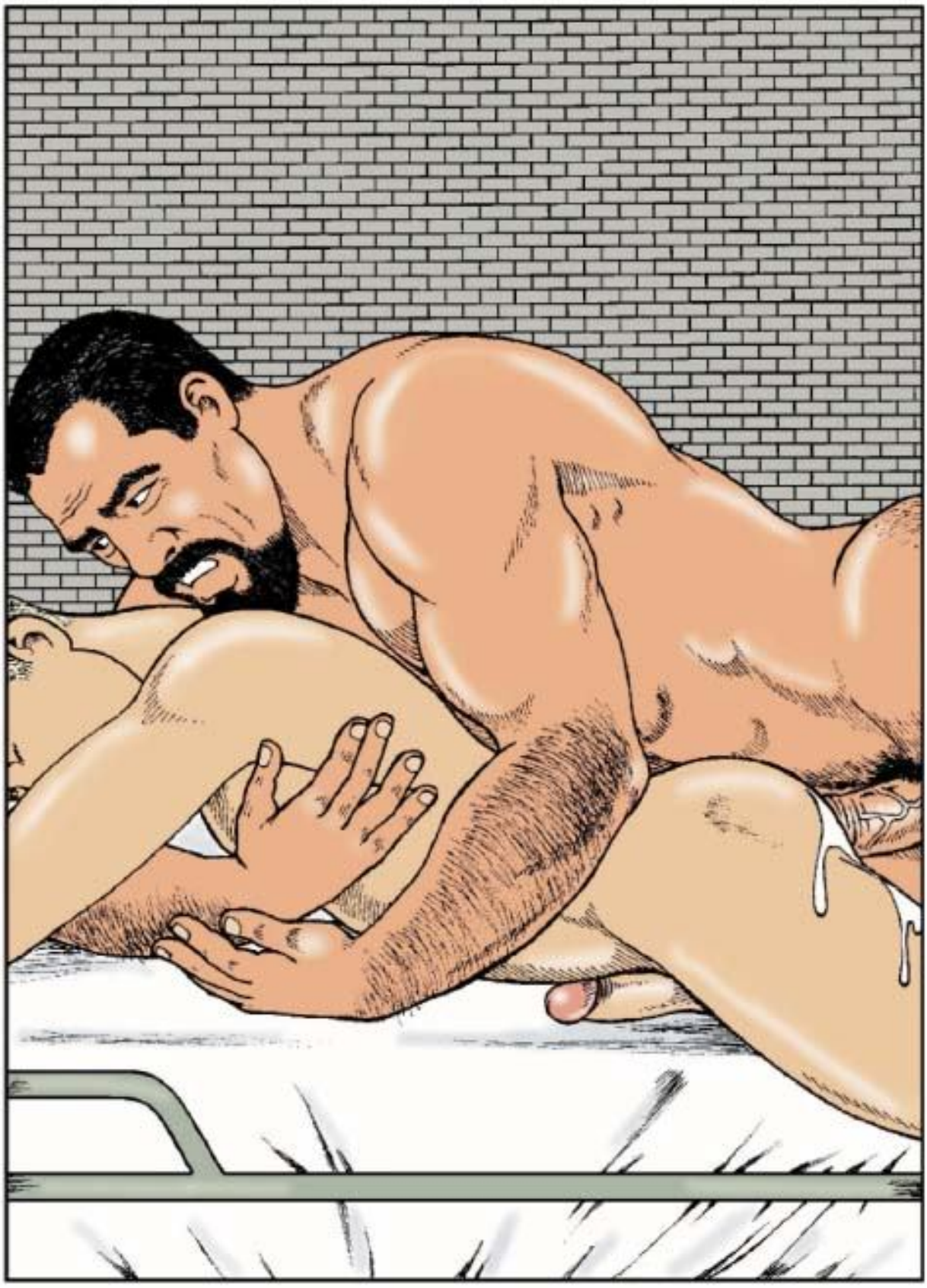
At the same time Herb fucked Andrew in the cellar with fierce determination. He kept the boy in a semi-conscious state with drugs and used him for his own pleasure as he waited for the right moment for his revenge. His obnoxious brother was going to pay dearly for the insult. When Herb would finally return Andrew to his parents, the boy would be as good as dead, but Herb couldn't be blamed directly for his death. Each day he came to check Andrew's condition and gave him a new shot of drugs to keep the boy in the twilight zone. He released Andrew regularly and rubbed his limbs. He made the boy eat and washed him every day. To his bitter disappointment Herb still couldn't touch Andrew's bare body without getting an erection and in a cold fury he always fucked the boy before he tied him up again and left.

Herb had planned his revenge carefully. A long time ago he had dug a tunnel from the cellar to a dried up well in the garden. He used the well as the entrance to his hide-away. If anybody came into the house and sneaked around all they would find were layers of dust and cobwebs. Even the well was hidden by a thicket of ranking willows which gave him protection when used the entrance.

Todd couldn't forget Andrew and as weeks passed his mind was constantly working on the case. Then one day he heard that Herb was back. He had disappeared after the raid, but now he had been seen in a restaurant in the old neighborhood. Todd bribed the owner to inform him if Herb ever came back into his restaurant. After a couple of days the restauranteur called him, and so Todd was waiting outside in his car when Herb came out. He didn't seem to suspect anything and it was easy for Todd to follow him. Herb was driving around the city, but when he turned north the excitement tingled in Todd's body. When Herb turned onto the dirt road Todd cursed in frustration. He ought to have been more careful when he was here for the first time.

He parked his car in a thicket and walked closer to the house. There was no sign of Herb's car anywhere and for a moment Todd thought that he had missed him. He walked around the house and suddenly he saw a shed barely visible among the bushes. As he went closer he saw Herb's car in the shed. Every nerve in his body was alive and he hid himself among the bushes and waited.

It was a long wait. He was almost ready to give up when he heard the sharp snap of a stick cracking, and soon Herb appeared from the thicket. He walked briskly to his car and drove off.



It didn't take long for Todd to find out where the entrance was. There were a lot of footprints in the mud around the well and when Todd saw the ladder inside the well he knew he had found what he was looking for.

At the bottom of the well there was a locked door, but Todd opened it easily with one of his skeleton keys. There was another locked door in the tunnel and that one was a bit harder to open, but it finally gave way and Todd entered Herb's hide-out.

The first thing Todd saw was Andrew, nude and tied to the bed. The boy was pale and motionless. It felt to Todd as if a cold hand were squeezing his heart. Had he arrived too late? Was Andrew dead already? He rushed to the boy and to his relief he saw that Andrew was still breathing. Todd untied him and took the limp boy in his arms. He kissed his pale lips and whispered all kinds of idiotic things in relief. "Todd, is that you?" Andrew whispered in a faint voice as a tear ran down his pale cheek. "Yes, it's me," Todd said and kissed Andrew's cheeks and neck while holding him in a tight hug. "It's over now. I'm going to take you out of here," he whispered and fondled Andrew's bare body with shaky hands.

Todd took Andrew to the hospital and together with Burt they guarded the boy day and night. Slowly their sleeping beauty started to recover. At first he was frail and weak, but gradually gained his strength and spirit. One day when Todd was sitting by his bed, Andrew opened his eyes and asked Todd to kiss him. When Todd pulled Andrew into his arms and kissed him, Andrew fondled Todd's crotch with his hand. "Give me a little cock, will you? I want you to fuck me now. I need you so much," Andrew said with shivering lips. Suddenly Todd's cock was rock-hard and blood rushed to his veins in mad frenzy.

He went outside and asked Burt not to let anybody into Andrew's room. Burt knew what Todd had in mind and smiling broadly he said," He's better then? Don't worry, nobody's going to disturb you," and Burt leaned his broad back on the closed door.

Todd returned to Andrew's bed and exposed his throbbing cock. "Are you sure this is what you want?" he said and put the bloated head of his massive cock on Andrew's lips. The boy answered by sucking Todd's cock into his hot mouth. While Andrew sucked and licked his turgid cock, Todd shook and trembled in ecstasy. He had waited for this so long and with closed eyes he enjoyed Andrew's hot mouth and agile tongue. "Fuck me now," Andrew said quietly. "I want to feel you inside me." Without hesitation Todd took off his clothes and climbed into Andrew's bed. The horny boy pressed his smooth body against Todd and wrapped his arms around him.

"You have no idea how much I have missed you," Andrew said and pressed his face against Todd's furry pecs.

"I've missed you too, more than I have ever missed anyone," Todd said with a choked voice and kissed the shivering boy. Like in slow-motion Todd's sturdy cock glided inside the gasping boy and holding each other in a tight hug they started to fuck. It had been such a long time since Todd had held Andrew in his arms that he was on the edge of cumming right from the start and he had to go on very cautiously. Andrew had nothing against that. Holding Todd's cock inside him gave Andrew immense pleasure. Slowly like a heaving sea Todd's hairy ass moved back and forth in a steady rhythm and their breathing turned heavier stroke after stroke. Like an earthquake gathering momentum their movements sent seismic waves through their bodies and into the epicenter, and suddenly all their lust and yearning blasted out in an explosion of primal energy. It was as if all their strength had been drained in that brief moment of ecstatic bliss and for a long time they laid in each other's arms unable and unwilling to move.

When Burt heard Todd's fierce grunts and Andrew's intense howling, he crossed his arms and smiled. If anybody, Andrew and Todd deserved a bit of privacy and happiness and Burt was determined to guarantee that they could enjoy each other's company as long as they wanted undisturbed by anyone.

The police caught Herb when he returned to the cellar. He was convicted for life and sent to a maximum security prison where he was soon raped and turned into a common prostitute in his cell block. Andrew recovered fast while the two big studs kept him company. In a brotherly manner Todd and Burt shared Andrew between them and without complaining Todd guarded Andrew's room while Burt made the boy whine with his huge cock. When it was his turn, that is.

Andrew's parents were delighted that their son was in such good hands and they gave interviews to the press about their horrifying ordeal. The story grew out of all proportion and Andrew's home was guarded by the news people day and night. They would have murdered to get an exclusive interview from Andrew and under the circumstances it was considered wiser that Andrew be taken to Todd's house until the situation calmed down. As you probably guessed, neither Andrew nor Todd had anything against that arrangement.

In time Andrew got out of the hospital and was smuggled into Todd's house. He switched to another school and more or less cut all ties to his former life. The story didn't die away, though.

Andrew's parents continued to give interviews and they went on every talk-show in the country. They wrote a book about their suffering and went straight up the charts as a best-seller. They sold the movie rights for a nice sum of money too, and organized a movement to prevent kidnapping. They turned Andrew's room into a small museum and even sent Andrew a signed copy of their book which was now made into a play too. With that and with Herb's recently published memoirs, they were far too busy to even notice that Andrew was still living with Todd.

For Andrew and Todd it was a wonderful time. With Todd's hefty cock inside him, Andrew felt safe and secure. He had no experience with such intellectual and physical closeness and loved the man more than anything. For the first time in his life Todd was completely happy too. His sex life was most active and very gratifying. Andrew kept him in a permanent state of hornyness and he knew exactly how to satisfy his lust. The boy trusted him in everything and they had a great time together. Todd felt invigorated and saw many things in a different light, thanks to Andrew.

Andrew had been living with Todd for several years before his parents finally realized that their son wasn't living with them anymore. They wanted Andrew back to boost the sales of their book, but Andrew refused to leave Todd. To avoid an embarrassing lawsuit Andrew's parents were advised to give in. Andrew was allowed to stay with Todd and together they lived happily ever after.

*Coming next month is... "ODDBALL"*

# ODDBALL
# Chapter I

There lived a man in Rio whose name was Vitor. He had inherited a lot of money and lived in a beautiful house on the hills overlooking the beach and the city. Vitor was gay and he was constantly looking for a suitable boy to live with. There are a lot of boys to choose from in Rio, but Vitor was very particular. The boy had to be beautiful, he had to be untouched and he shouldn't have any family ties. The perfect partner had to be obedient and willing to share Vitor's life. He also had to be honest and caring. Vitor's list was endless and therefore he was still looking for the perfect mate.

The Copacabana was Vitor's favorite hunting ground and one day he saw a boy there who made his heart pound faster. He was slim and trim, he had beautiful eyes and perfect teeth. His perfect butt was beautifully curved and his crotch bulged just the right way. Vitor sat down close to the boy and started a conversation with him. Vitor was a very handsome man and the boys easily fell for him. This little rascal was no exception. His name was Artur and he lived in a shanty town with his aunt who had seven kids of her own and no husband to support them. Artur's parents had died and he had come to Rio with his brother because they had no other place to go, but their aunt was not too happy about the extra mouths to feed.

Artur worked on the streets to get a few centavos by doing small errands or even by stealing, if necessary. The boy talked about his life freely and Vitor listened to his every word. He bought Artur ice cream and lemonade from a vendor and the boy spontaneously hugged him to show his gratitude. Vitor's cock had been semi-hard for quite some time, but the touch of Artur's bare body turned it rock-hard and violently throbbing. The boy noticed his erection and said, "You must have a huge cock. May I look at it?" When Vitor nodded his head and managed to say, "Sure," Artur shoved his hand inside Vitor's swim trunks and pulled at the waistband until Vitor's massive cock was fully exposed.

"Wow! I've never seen anything this big before. With a hose like that I bet you can pee from here all the way to the other end of the beach," Artur said in awe. "Mine is much smaller," Artur said and innocently pulled down his shorts to show Vitor his pecker. The blood rushed in Vitor's veins and his heart pounded madly when he looked at Artur's beautiful cock and his smooth buns.

Desperately he tried to calm down, but he only managed it when Artur pulled up his shorts and ran into the water. It felt like the boy was fooling around in the water for hours and Vitor's burning eyes never left Artur's glistening body. Water glittered like thousands of small diamonds on his wet skin and the sun gave a golden glow to his tan. When Artur finally came out of the water, Vitor asked if he would like to come to his house to swim in his private pool and Artur didn't have to be asked twice.

Vitor's house was in a secluded spot surrounded by a tropical garden. Artur couldn't hide his enthusiasm when he saw the pool. It was hidden in a dell and protected by the thick foliage of the vegetation. Vitor stripped off his clothes and plunged into the water. Without hesitation Artur followed his example. For a good while they fooled around in the water and the constant contact with Artur's wet nude body made Vitor so horny that he finally couldn't control himself. He grabbed the boy in his arms and kissed him. Artur kissed him back and laughingly tried to free himself from Vitor's embrace, but the man held him in a tight hug. Then Vitor pressed him against the edge of the pool and kissed him again. This time his slippery tongue plunged into Artur's mouth as he fondled the boy's bare buttocks. At first Artur stiffened, but then he wrapped his arms around Vitor's neck and his tongue fondled Vitor's tongue gently. The moment was pure magic. They looked each other directly in the eyes when Artur licked a drop of water from Vitor's half-open lips and it was as if the time had stopped. Vitor felt the violent throbbing of his lusty cock while gazing at the golden spots dancing in Artur's dark eyes.

Then laughing playfully, Artur slipped out of his embrace and escaped to the other end of the pool. The magic was broken, but Vitor's lust remained. Vitor managed to catch the boy several times and without protest Artur let Vitor kiss and fondle him, but somehow he always managed to avoid the crucial moment.

They finally climbed out of the pool when Vitor's valet, Vicente, brought them lunch. Vitor was amused to see Artur's appetite. The boy ate as if this was going to be his last meal. Then he stretched out on an air-mattress and gave a deep sigh of satisfaction while Vicente cleared the table. Artur's chest heaved regularly and he was soon fast asleep. Vitor stretched out beside him and watched the sunlight playing on Artur's nude body. He was innocently trustful and hadn't bothered about his nudity, but Vitor couldn't keep his hands off the beautiful boy. He pulled Artur in his arms and started kissing his face and neck passionately. At first Artur didn't resist. Drowsily he wrapped his arms around Vitor and let the man fondle his nude body.

He answered Vitor's kisses lazily and when the man cautiously lubed his asshole with some sun lotion he only giggled and made no protest. But when Vitor opened the boy's legs wide and thrust his carefully lubed cock inside him, Artur yelped and was suddenly wide awake.

Desperately he tried to free himself, but this time Vitor had no intention of letting him go. His hefty cock glided inside the wriggling boy with total determination. Artur tried to scream and shout as the terrible pain tore his body, but Vitor covered his mouth with his own until the boy calmed down. "Relax! I'm not going to hurt you, boy. You're going to like this, I'm sure. Just let me know if you want me to stop and I'll stop, baby," Vitor grunted as he thrust his beefy cock inside the panting boy to the hilt. "I'm fully inside you, baby. The worst is over now. I'm going to show you the immense pleasure a sturdy man's cock can give to a boy like you. Can you feel how thick and hot my cock is?" Vitor asked.

"Yes," Artur said panting heavily and fearing for his life. "It's because my cock loves you, boy. It's the big muscle of love that brings a lot of joy and enjoyment into your life. Can you feel how gently it caresses your chute?" Vitor asked and moved his big throbber slowly back and forth inside the heaving boy.

"Uh-huh," Artur whispered and little by little the fear inside him subsided while Vitor continued the motion. "I'm going to bust your cherry now and you're going to thank me for it. Hold on to me and enjoy the ride," Vitor grunted as his solid ass-stretcher started to move back and forth at an increasingly rapid pace. His sweaty body slapped against Artur as his fuck strokes became harder and harder. Suddenly he felt Artur's cock getting rock-hard under his belly and saw how the boy's eyes widened in disbelief.

"I told you that you would like it, didn't I?" Vitor growled as he continued to pump Artur's smooth butt with vigor and vim. From then on they were working in unison and it didn't take them long to reach climax. Artur gasped for air like a grounded fish when a shattering orgasm shook his body and Vitor couldn't watch the bliss of the ecstatic boy without shooting his load. Holding each other in a tight hug they laid there without saying a word and while the warm sunlight dried their sweaty bodies.

Artur remained with Vitor that night and with the week's passing he learned to enjoy Vitor's lusty lovemaking. To Artur being able to eat when he was hungry was a luxury. Having a room of his own, and getting expensive gifts and nice clothes was beyond anything he could have dreamed of.

If in exchange for all that he had to allow Vitor to use his butt for his pleasure, to Artur that was a minor burden. Especially since he quite enjoyed Vitor's lusty advances and his everhard cock. He soon learned to use Vitor's hunger for sex to his own advantage. They had a lot of fun together and Artur shared Vitor's bed willingly.

Then one day Vitor said that he had to make a business trip. He was going to be out of town for a couple of days. He gave Artur a bunch of keys and said, "I'll leave these with you. You are the Master of the house while I'm away. With these keys you can get anywhere in this house. Every door here opens with them and you are welcome to use them whenever you like, but there is one exception. Don't go into the cellar. It is in dangerous condition and besides, there's nothing for you to see." Obediently, Artur promised to stay away from the cellar.

After Vitor had left Artur wandered around the house and studied all the beautiful thing Vitor had there. There were many rooms in the house and they all contained a lot of interesting objects, but Artur was a gamin and if there is one common nominator among the street urchins, it must be curiosity. Above all else Artur was a very curious boy, and he soon wondered what the cellar looked like. For one day he managed to push the thought out of his mind, but by the next he couldn't resist it anymore. Vitor and Vicente were out of town and he only wanted to peek in to see what it looked like. What harm could that do?

The cellar door was made of thick oak beams and was heavily mounted with iron. It wasn't hard to find the right key and soon Artur pushed the door open. To his surprise the heavy door turned easily on its hinges as if it had been used a lot. Artur stepped in and turned on the lights. To his horror he saw a veritable torture chamber. On the stone walls were all kinds of instruments of torture, as well as shackles and chains of every description. But what made his legs go weak was the sight of five metal racks, very much like big bird cages, hanging from the roof. There was a naked boy in each of them, gagged and chained. They wore some kind of leather helmets which covered their eyes and mouths and were decorated with feathers. They looked like exotic birds. In panic Artur rushed to the door and locked it again. It took him a very long time to calm down again, and after some thought decided to escape the house before Vitor returned. But it was too late. Unexpectedly Vitor returned that night and asked for his keys.

"You haven't been in the cellar, have you?" he asked. Artur shook his head vehemently and Vitor asked to see the soles of his feet. To his horror Artur saw that his soles were bright red.

"So you didn't go into the cellar, eh? You son of a bitch!" Vitor yelled and hit Artur very hard. He then dragged the boy into the cellar and Artur saw his own footprints on the red floor. Vitor forced him to strip off his clothes and soon he was in one of the cages himself hanging from the roof among the other boys.

Artur had told Vitor about his brothers, Pedro and Fernando. One morning Vitor parked his car in the lane leading into the shanty town. He didn't have to wait long before he saw a beautiful boy who looked very much like Artur, but who appeared to be a few years older. Vitor leaned out of the car window and said, "Hey, you! Do you want to earn some money?" The boy looked at Vitor suspiciously and said, "Sure. What do you want me to do?" Vitor said that he needed somebody to cut his lawn and he would be happy to give the boy a proper meal and some money for it. The boy hesitated for a moment, but then he climbed into the car and Vitor drove off.

When Vitor heard that the boy's name was Pedro, he was sure he had found Artur's brother. He took the boy to his house and taught him how to handle the lawn mower. He then left the boy to his duties and kept an eye on him while sitting by the pool. Pedro had a beautiful body and behind the dark glasses Vitor's hungry eyes noticed each curve. It was a hot day and soon tiny sweat drops glittered on Pedro's tanned body. Vitor saw his opportunity and walked over to him. "Do you want to cool off?" he asked pointing at the pool. "May I?" Pedro asked with sparkling eyes. "Sure, but you'd better take a shower first," Vitor said. "But I don't have any swim trunks with me," Pedro said. "You won't need them here. I always swim naked myself," Vitor said and guided Pedro to the shower. When Pedro dropped his pants Vitor saw that he was handsomely endowed too. The cut grass had colored Pedro's feet green and as the boy bent down to wash them, Vitor saw his pink pucker.

Vitor's cock turned rock-hard instantly and blood rushed in his veins. "Let me help you," Vitor said with a hoarse voice and when his hands touched Pedro's smooth legs he noticed that the boy's cock reacted to his immediately. The higher up Vitor's hands reached the bigger grew Pedro's cock. Vitor fondled Pedro's smooth buns while pretending to lather him up and suddenly Pedro got a thriving erection. He tried to cover it with his hands, but Vitor said, "Don't worry about that, I've got one too." He then yanked down his shorts and exposed his solid erection while Pedro looked at his massive member in disbelief. "It's more comfortable to be nude anyway," Vitor said and he was flattered by Pedro's unveiled admiration. "May I touch it?" the boy asked. "Sure," Vitor said and guided Pedro's sweaty hand to his bushy crotch.

The curious boy cautiously fondled Vitor's throbbing cock and lifted his heavy balls. "It's big. Bigger than any cock I have ever seen. How did it get that way?" Pedro asked in awe. "Do you want me to show you how to get a bigger cock?" Vitor asked. "Please do!" Pedro said excitedly. "All you need is a simple exercise, but you'll need a partner to help you. Do you want to help me?" Vitor asked. "Sure!" Pedro answered eagerly. Vitor took the bottle of sun lotion in his hand and gave it to Pedro. "First you must lube my cock very carefully," Vitor said and Pedro squeezed a little lotion into his hand. He rubbed it on Vitor's rock-hard cock and saw how his frightening tool started to gleam. "Pour out a little more of the cream and do it like this," Vitor said. Pedro held Vitor's cock in his hand and to his delight it seemed to grow even bigger and harder than before. "It works!" he cried in fascination. "Sure it works. Now it's my turn," Vitor said and asked Pedro to stretch out on the air-mattress. He took the boy's cock in his hand and with skillful fingers he turned Pedro's erection into a massive woody.

"Now, turn around," Vitor said and opened Pedro's legs wide apart. He squeezed some lotion into Pedro's crack and spread it with his fingers. When Pedro felt Vitor's fingers on his pucker he became a bit restless, but he soon relaxed because it actually felt quite nice. It felt so nice that Pedro hardly noticed when Vitor shoved his greasy finger deep inside his chute and grazed his inflamed prostate. One by one Vitor shoved more fingers inside the writhing boy and Pedro opened his butt willingly. He groaned in a strange state of pain and pleasure when something far more substantial was thrust inside him. He was startled and tried to get up. "Don't panic, boy. This isn't going to hurt you much. Just clench your teeth and soon it will be all over. No pain - no gain, remember?" Vitor hissed as he thrust his cock inside the boy all the way.

Pedro howled under his weight, but soon the pain eased and the beefy pole inside him started to feel great. When Vitor started to fuck him, Pedro's excitement reached new heights. And with every forceful fuck-stroke he was soon trembling all over while Vitor's massive cock pounded his butt with dizzying gusto. He gasped and heaved in Vitor's embrace in a vain search for relief when something exploded inside him. Pedro had never experienced such euphoria and bliss than when he laid under Vitor after his first real orgasm. Then as something hot gushed inside him, he felt Vitor's fearsome cock start to soften.

*To be continued... ...*

# ODDBALL
# Chapter II

Pedro didn't return the the shanty town that night. He lived with Vitor for several weeks and they were very happy together. Then one day Vitor gave the keys of the house to Pedro and said, "I have to go out of town on business for a few days. While I'm away you are the master of the house and with these keys you can go anywhere in here. Use them whenever you want, but don't go into the cellar. It is in very bad condition and dangerous even for a boy like you. You must promise me that you'll stay out of there."

Pedro promised to do that and Vitor left the house. Pedro wandered through the house and enjoyed all the beautiful things he saw there, but he was a thoroughbred Brazilian street urchin whose dominant characteristic is curiosity. It didn't take him long to get into the cellar and all that had happened to Artur happened to Pedro as well.

Vitor was furious, but he wasn't going to give up his search for a perfect boy. After a few days he went into the shanty town again looking for Fernando. He didn't have to wait long before he saw the boy come out of his aunt's hovel carrying a basket full of flowers on top of his head. He was looking even more beautiful than either Artur or Pedro and Vitor´s lusty cock turned hard instantly. "I have to get this boy," Vitor mused.

As the boy passed his car, Vitor leaned out of the car window and said, "What do you ask for those flowers?" Surprised, Fernando stopped and looked at the man. He was good-looking and didn't appear to be dangerous. Fernando said how many cruzados he wanted for the flowers as the man came out of his car. He pulled out his wallet and took out the money. "I'll take them all, but I'll need your help. I want to take them to the cemetery and I need you to carry them. Will you do that for me?" the man asked and Fernando said he would.

Vitor put the money in Fernando's hand and added a few more notes for his help. The delighted boy put the flowers on the back seat and climbed into the car. Vitor drove to a small cemetery high on the hills. It was a beautiful place and Fernando felt very lucky.

Not only had he been able to sell all his flowers instantly and avoided standing amidst the hectic traffic for hours, but he had also got a free pleasure drive far from the toxic smog. They walked along a neat path covered with white sand and shadowed by tall trees. Vitor led Fernando to a small mausoleum made of white marble. He opened the heavy bronze doors and let Fernando in. "This is the grave of my family. I want you to put fresh flowers in each vase," Vitor said and sat down on a big marble bench in the middle of the mausoleum. Vitor appeared to be praying or meditating, but he kept an eye on Fernando the whole time.

Fernando thought about his brothers who had disappeared recently. He hoped that they were still alive, but Artur and Pedro had been missing for so long that Fernando was losing hope that he would ever see them again. It was impossible not to think about his poor brothers in a place like this. While Fernando filled the vases with fresh flowers, he remembered the hardships he and his brothers had endured together and tears came to his eyes. Suddenly he felt the man's hands on his shoulders and heard him say, "I can see that something is troubling you, son. Come here and tell me all about it. I may be able to help you." Vitor pulled the boy onto his lap and Fernando told him what had happened.

Vitor listened sympathetically and stroked the sad boy soothingly. Little by little Fernando forgot that he was talking to a complete stranger and pressed his cheek against Vitor's forehead while he spilled out his troubles. Very cautiously Vitor kissed Fernando's neck and slipped his hand inside his pants. When Fernando became aware that Vitor was fondling his bare butt, he tried to get free, but Vitor held him in a tight hug. "Don't fight back, boy. I want to help you. I've got something that will make you feel real good," Vitor said guiding Fernando's hand to his bulging crotch while kissing the boy passionately. Fernando felt Vitor´s hot rock-hard cock under his hand and slowly his resistance weakened. He squeezed Vitor´s big throbbing cock and answered his hot kisses with growing enthusiasm.

When the man pulled off Fernando's shirt and kissed his erect nipples, the boy was so horny that he let Vitor strip off his pants without any resistance at all. Vitor quickly undressed himself and covered the cool marble with his clothes. He then overturned Fernando on top of them and lowered himself into the arms of the excitedly heaving boy. When Fernando felt Vitor´s thick hot cock against his bare belly, he grabbed Vitor´s hairy buttocks in his hands and pressed his own lithe body against this sturdy man in total submission. Vitor opened Fernando's legs and like a stud horse in heat he thrust his massive cock inside the howling boy. Fernando buried his nails in Vitor´s hefty shoulders while the man forced his rock hard cock inside him with fierce grunts.

The physical act itself was quick and violent. Vitor had seldom been as horny as when he got Fernando in his arms and the boy responded to his fervent fucking with unexpected lustiness. It felt as if the boy really enjoyed his insatiable cock and they reached climax simultaneously. Their ecstatic moans echoed on the marble walls as if there had been an orgy of hundreds of men in progress. "That was great," Fernando said when they laid in each other's arms, still panting and heaving for the effort. There was a new king of glitter in Fernando's eyes and he had totally forgotten his poor brothers.

From the moment his cock penetrated this beautiful boy for the first time, Vitor was deeply infatuated with Fernando. He could always feel the boy's presence in his crotch and it was impossible for him to look at Fernando for any length of time without getting a throbbing erection. Fernando was so fascinated by the new force in his life that he was ready to fuck Vitor any time. This meant that they hardly left their bed for the first few weeks and later they were never far from it either. Vitor had been in love many times before, but he had never experienced anything as intense as this. He was ready to swear that he had found what he had been looking for and to forget the final test, but he had to be sure. He gave the keys to Fernando and said that he had to go out of town in business. As he had with the other boys, he forbade Fernando to go into the cellar and then left him alone.

Like his brothers, Fernando was curious by nature, but he was also smart. When he opened the cellar door, he noticed immediately that the floor inside looked wet in front of the door. He picked up a piece of board and put it on the threshold so that it didn't touch the wet area. He used it as a bridge and walked inside. When Fernando saw the strange "birds" in their cages he was as shocked as his brothers had been, but he was too curious to leave them without finding out the meaning of these strange captives. He lowered one cage to the floor and freed the boy inside. When he took off the strange helmet he saw to his astonishment that it was none other than his brother Artur. "What are you doing here? What has happened to you?" Fernando asked and Artur told him everything. Together they freed the other boys and Fernando heard many grim stories.

The boys told him how Vitor and his friends used them as sex slaves in their nocturnal orgies. Once a week they came to the cellar and viciously raped their captives in every imaginable way. They were tortured, slashed and spanked for the slightest disobedience while Vitor and his friends forced the boys to perform unspeakably indecent acts. Afterwards Vicente took care of the boys and made sure that they recovered enough to be abused again.

Vicente was the worst of them all because he forced them to have sex with him for food and ruthlessly took advantage of their distress. "There has to be some mistake here," Fernando said and told the boys that Vitor had been in bed with him every night. "Sure, but on the nights they come here you are drugged and are fast asleep until morning," one of the boys said. Fernando then remembered some unexplained scratches that had mysteriously appeared on Vitor's body and he was convinced that the boys had told the truth. "Let's get out of here as fast as we can," one of the boys said. "No, I want to kill that son of a bitch first," another answered.

"We ought to kill them all," Pedro said in a cold fury. "Yes, we are going to punish them all and we are going to punish them good. Let me think about the best way to do it, but in the meantime you'd better get back into your cages. We must not arouse their suspicions and I'll take care that you won't be hurt anymore," Fernando said. Reluctantly the boys returned to their cages and Fernando lifted them up again. Taking care that there were no signs of his visit, Fernando then left and locked the door.

Vitor returned unexpectedly as always and asked for his keys. Fernando gave them to him, but Vitor wanted to see the bottoms of his feet, too. When he realized that there were no traces of paint on Fernando's soles, he thanked the boy and went down to the cellar. Everything seemed to be OK and the layer of paint behind the door was untouched. Suddenly great joy filled Vitor´s heart and he rushed upstairs. He grabbed Fernando in his strong arms and danced around in euphoria. "You are the boy who has captured my heart and I beg you to marry me," Vitor said and kneeled in front of the astonished Fernando. "But how could I marry you? We are both of the same sex," he said. "Don't worry about that. This marriage is merely symbolic. It's just for fun, but I want to show you to all my friends and tell everyone that you belong to me. We will have a great party and I will sign a document which means that after my death you will inherit everything I own," Vitor said and kissed Fernando.

Over the next few days Vitor´s house was full of hectic activity. Invitations were sent to all of Vitor´s closest friends, food and drinks were ordered and thousands of little details that make a great party were taken care of. Fernando even invented a practical joke to break the ice when the guests arrived. The living room door was covered with a huge pink ass made of foamy plastic and every guest had to go on all fours through its tight anus to meet the bride.

The guests arrived in their carnival suits and they were greeted by Vitor and Vicente who served them champagne cocktails.

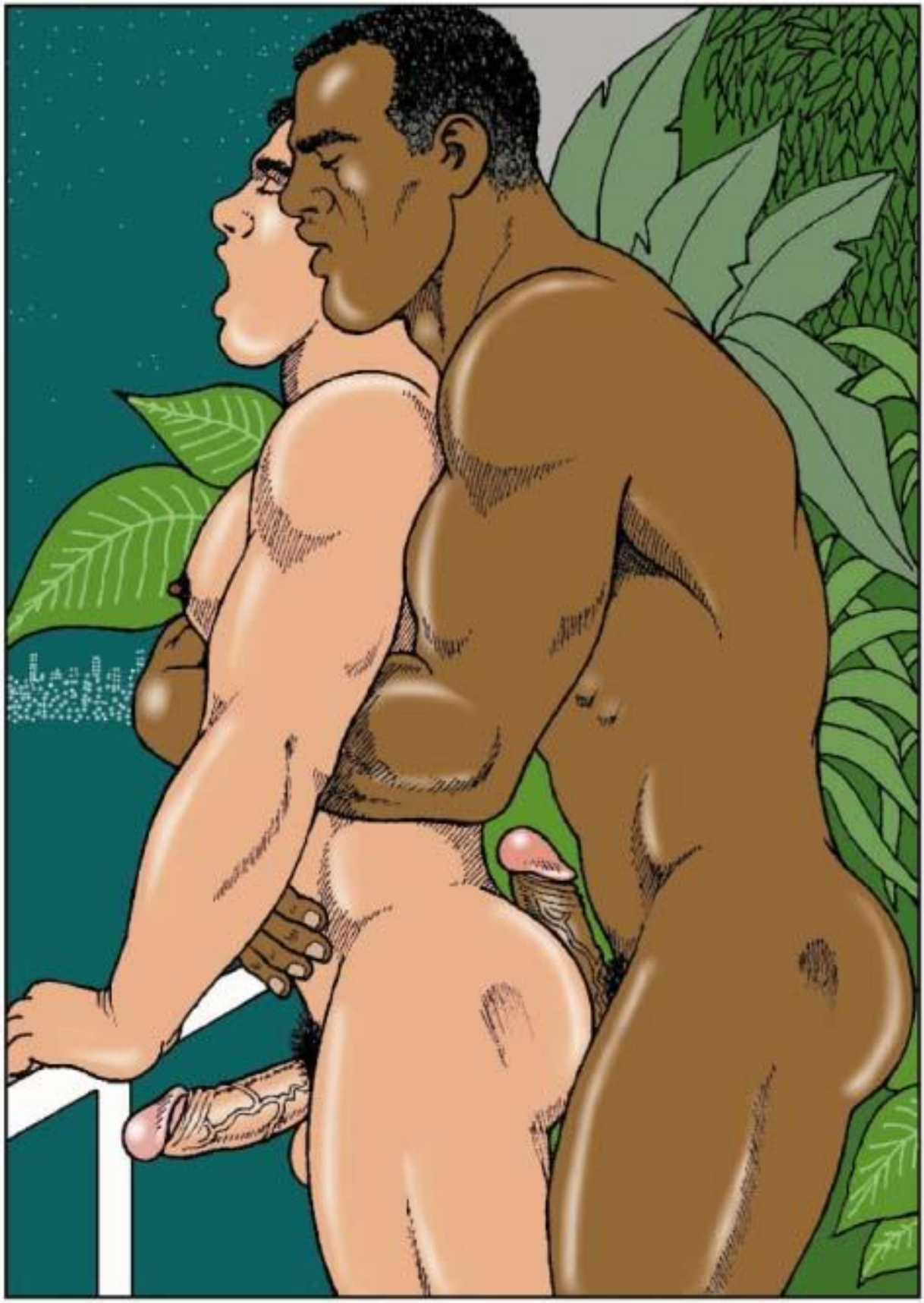
The guests were very curious to see the boy who had finally tamed Vitor and they all crawled through the tight ass hole to see him with their own eyes. Earlier that day Fernando had secretly released the boys from the cellar and as a guest's head appeared from the chute, they hit it hard and pulled the unconscious man inside. They quickly tied and gagged him and were ready for the next guest in no time. After the last guest had been pulled through, Vitor followed him and got exactly the same welcome ceremony. When Vitor regained consciousness, he was forced to sign the document which guaranteed Fernando's inheritance.

Vicente was in the kitchen ready to serve the elaborate dinner when Vitor called him. He was taken by surprise and tied and gagged like the others. The boys then dragged their torturers into the cellar and locked them inside the cages. Vitor and some of the worst torturers were chained inside the various torture devices and forced to taste their own medicine. The jubilant boys then locked the cellar and went upstairs.

With all that food and drink available the boys soon had a riotous party themselves. They were so elated with their freedom and so proud of their revenge that the party got out of hand. The nude boys fooled around in every room of the house, and jutting cocks were de rigueur. The drinks had their effect on these horny boys and soon they were fucking and sucking each other without bothering to hide their activities.

Among the boys that Fernando had saved was Martim, a very good-looking boy a few years older than he. Martim´s hot black eyes were fixed on Fernando all the time and he followed Fernando where ever he went. When Fernando leaned over the terrace railing and watched the glittering lights of Rio, Martim came from behind him and wrapped his arms around Fernando. Martim´s hands were strong, but he fondled Fernando gently. "Let me fuck you, Fernando," he whispered and pressed his erect cock between Fernando's smooth buns. "I have wanted you from the moment I set my eyes on you. I have never seen anybody more desirable than you. Let me be your man," Martim whispered and kissed Fernando's neck. One thing led to another and soon Fernando was in Martim´s arms and answered his passionate kisses eagerly. "Come with me," he said and led Martim out to the pool.

They plunged into the cooling water, but they couldn't stay away from each other very long. Soon they embraced each other feverishly on the air mattress and Martim fucked Fernando with ferocious energy and gusto. When they later laid in each other's arms they heard the noisy partying of the others getting even louder and then they saw that the house was on fire. Huge flames came through the windows and the nude boys were running around unable to do anything.



When the firemen finally arrived the house was little more than a heap of ashes and there wasn't much they could do. When the ruins were later inspected the police found the remains of twelve men in the cellar. All except one were locked inside strange metal cages or chained to some kind of torture devices. After investigations it was declared that the owner of the house had had some kind of kinky party in the cellar when the fire had started in there.

Fernando and Martim couldn't understand how Vitor had managed to free himself and what had caused the fire, but Pedro had saved Vitor´s will and Fernando inherited everything he left behind. Vitor turned out to have been far wealthier than anybody could have guessed. Fernando replaced the burnt building with a new house, even more beautiful than the previous one. Vitor was buried in his family chapel and every year on the anniversary of his death, Fernando and Martim brought a basket full of flowers to his grave. Then they stripped off their clothes and fucked on the marble bench while their ecstatic moans echoed on the marble walls.

*THE END*

*NEXT TIME "STRONG HARRY"*

# STRONG HARRY
## Chapter I

There was a young girl named Sherry living in a big city. She was very pretty and a lot of guys drooled after her. One day she was shopping in a grocery store when a bunch of young thugs rushed in and robbed the store. They took Sherry as a hostage and drove away. The leader of the gang was a mean young man called Brandon and the minute he set his eyes on her, he was determined to rape her. They took Sherry to their hide-out in a ramshackle abandoned factory on the outskirts of the city.

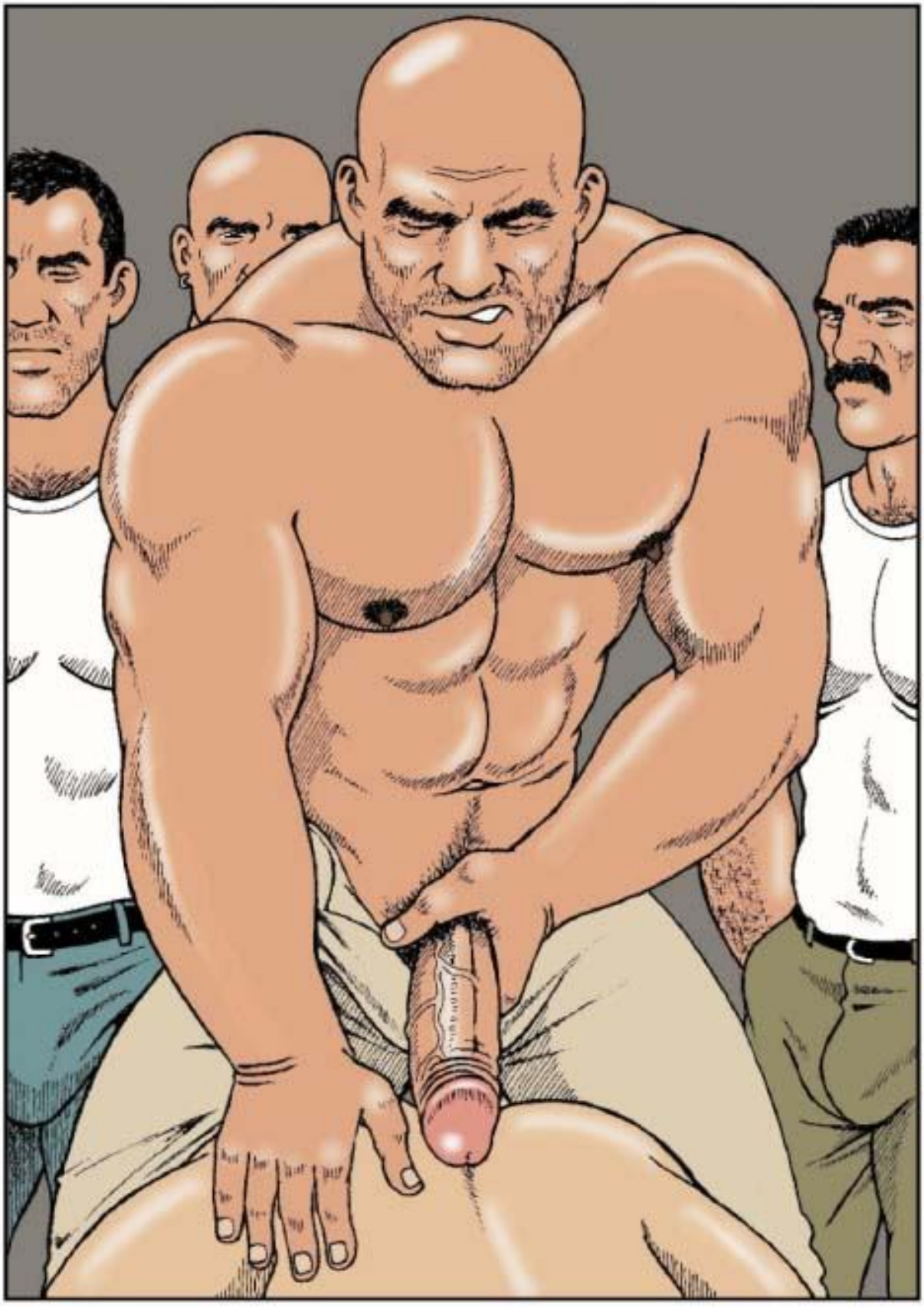
Brandon forced the girl into his room and raped her several times. She was a virgin and at first she was horrified by Brandon's huge cock, but gradually she became used to it and even learned to like it. In no time she was pregnant and in due course gave birth to a baby boy she called Harry.

Brandon didn't care about Sherry after that and refused to have anything to do with the baby. They couldn't let Sherry go, though, and the other members of the gang took care of Sherry and little Harry got used to having many "Daddies". Sherry was never allowed out of the building without guards and with time she accepted her fate. She was the housekeeper of the gang and took care of her son.

As time passed Harry grew up and turned into a very handsome young man. The gang members took care of his physical training and Harry's body became stronger every day. He had broad shoulders and a trim waist. He wrestled with the gang members and learned martial arts. As his skills developed, Harry became more self-confident. So much so that he got into an argument with Brandon one day. Harry wanted to know who his Daddy was, but Sherry had been evasive and the other gang members pretended that they didn't know.

"Who cares who your Daddy is? Your Mom slept with many guys. My gang has taken care of you and you owe us for your keep. Stop whining about your Daddy and start thinking how you can pay us back," Brandon said and sneered.

Harry lost his temper and attacked Brandon, but the man was too experienced a fighter for a boy like Harry. Brandon held Harry in a strangling grip and forced the boy to give up the fight.



"If you ever try to challenge me again you better be ready to die because I'm surely going to kill you," Brandon howled in a burst of blind rage and mercilessly hit the boy until he lost consciousness.

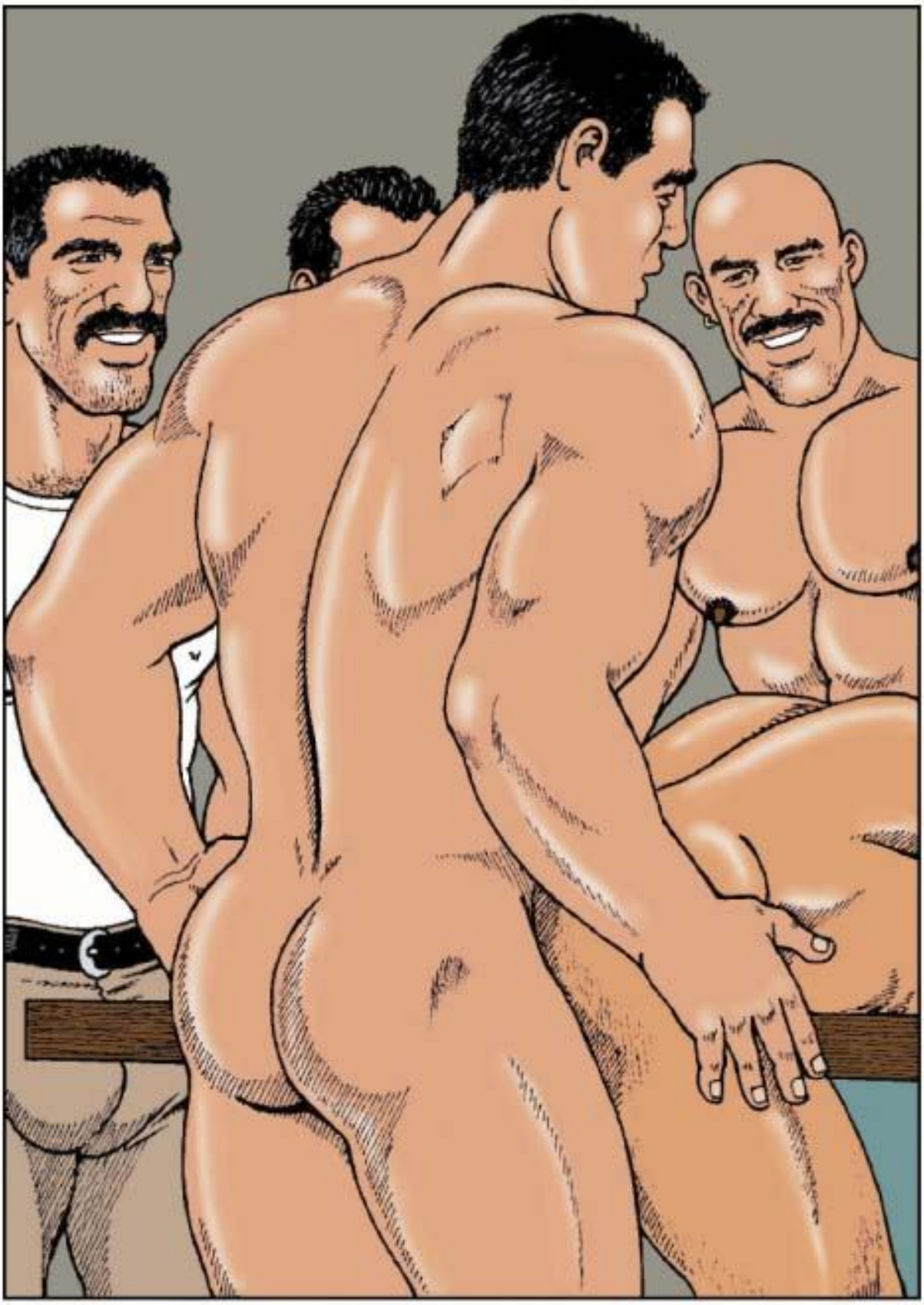
He then exposed Harry's smooth butt and thrust his fully erect cock inside the wakening boy. "Don't fuck with me, you son of a bitch. If you do, you'll pay for it like everybody else," he roared as he forced his massive cock inside the wriggling boy to the hilt. "You'll pay for it with your round pussy, you little slut," Brandon bellowed and started to fuck the helpless boy in front of the other gang members. After he had shot his load, Brandon grabbed Harry by his hair and forced the boy to lick his cock clean.

It was a humiliating experience, but Harry learned his lesson. For one thing, Harry realized that however hard he had tried to punish him, Brandon's fierce fucking wasn't altogether an unpleasant experience. He had to admit that he felt strange pleasure while Brandon's huge cock grazed his insides. For the second, he understood that however deeply Brandon had insulted him, Harry had to wait until he was sure about his success before he attempted to pay him back.

As time passed, Harry's strength and skills increased and soon he beat all the other gang members during man-to-man combat. Harry gained their respect as a fierce, but fair fighter. He was wise enough not to test his strength with Brandon until he was sure he could win. Harry still wondered who his Daddy was and then one of the gang members felt pity for him and told Harry everything.

That night Harry started an argument with Brandon. It turned into a fierce fight and this time Harry won. He beat the hell out of Brandon and in a cold fury he tied his unconscious Daddy on top of a heavy table. He tore off all his clothes and in front of the gaping gang members he then exposed his erect cock. "I'll pay you back now all I owe you, you asshole. If you ever try to hurt me or my Mom again, I'll take care that you'll live long enough to regret that you were born," Harry said and thrust his robust rod between Brandon's hairy buttocks. He then fucked his helpless Daddy with fierce energy and his big fat cock made Brandon whine in agony. He yelled insults at Harry and demanded the others to help him, but to no avail. Nobody wanted to get in trouble with Harry and they also enjoyed seeing cocky Brandon totally humiliated.

When Harry finally shot his load, Brandon was more dead than alive. "I've now given you back all I owe you, you son of a bitch," Harry said and wiped his cock clean with Brandon's hair. As his cum dripped on Brandon's forehead, Harry buttoned up his pants and walked out of the gang's stronghold with his Mom.



They settled in a small mid-western town where Harry's Mom was born, but Harry soon got bored. He had met a man who was mining gold up north and Harry was fascinated by his stories about life out in the open. He didn't want to argue with his Mom and one night he simply sneaked out of the house. By dawn he was already miles away and he felt happy and free as he walked down the country road. By noon he saw a small house on the roadside and a big brawny man cutting firewood in front of it. With ease he cleaved big logs and Harry saw how his bulging muscles glistened in the sun. Harry hadn't fucked anybody since he had given cock to his Daddy, but now he felt a stir in his crotch and his cock began to stiffen. When Harry approached, the man stopped his work and Harry saw that his crotch was bulging prominently.

"Hi, stranger. What brings you here?" the man asked with a low resonant voice and wiped his sweaty forehead. Harry told the man that he was going up north to mine gold and asked about the fastest roads. The man looked at him bemused and his eyes were focused on Harry's bulging crotch. He saw the outlines of Harry's semi-hard cock through his tight pants and his eyes narrowed slightly. He drew air through his clenched teeth and whistled. "You better come into the house and take a look at the map, stranger. By the way, my name is Rod and I was just about to fix myself a bit of lunch. You better join me and rest your feet for a while. You have a long journey ahead, you know," Rod said and turned to go into the house.

It was more like a tool shed than a house, but Rod had everything he needed in there. As Harry sat down by the dining table, Rod brought the map and pointed with his finger at the location of his house. "This is where you are now," Rod said and as he leaned over Harry, the boy could feel Rod's bare chest against his back and Rod's stubbly chin almost touched Harry's cheek. Harry could smell the all male scent of Rod's sweaty body and suddenly he was horny as hell. When Rod put his arm around Harry's shoulder, the boy didn't resist and Rod's cock turned rock-hard instantly. He turned Harry's face to kiss him and Rod felt Harry's hand fondling his bulging crotch. With trembling fingers Harry unbuttoned Rod's pants and pulled out his massive cock. Rod's big tongue penetrated Harry's wet mouth and his lips caressed Harry's hungry lips while Harry grabbed Rod's solid cock in his hand. It was hot and hard as bone. Harry fondled its velvety skin and felt the firmness of its robust shaft. His fingers searched for the big balls at its base and squeezed them lightly. Rod moaned in heat and ravenously ate Harry's face while he peeled off the rest of his clothes.

Harry bowed down and took the hefty knob of Rod's cock in his mouth. It felt fantastic against his slippery tongue and he licked its smooth skin with immense gusto.

Rod lifted him up and carried Harry into his bed. "For quite some time I have wanted to bury my pecker into a sleek city-boy like you," Rod murmured. "Perhaps it's time for you to get acquainted with the rustic cock of a pure country lad too," Rod said and opened Harry's legs wide apart. "Gosh, you are beautiful," Rod said and thrust his big fat cock into Harry's crack. When Harry felt Rod's stiff cock against his pucker, Harry remembered how brutally Brandon had raped him and he made a futile effort to free himself, but Rod had no intention to let him go. Before Harry had time to do anything, Rod's massive cock penetrated him fully and after that Harry didn't want to resist anymore.

When Rod's beefy cock moved inside him, Harry felt pure enjoyment right from the start. While the big monster moved back and forth inside him, Harry squirmed in ecstasy and squeezed its solid shaft with his strong sphincter. Harry had no idea that it could feel like this. His efforts to hold Rod's robust rod totally inside him were futile and with vigorous fuck strokes Rod's cock grazed Harry's prostate with fast increasing velocity. Like making fire with a stick, Rod's fast moving cock ignited Harry's charge and he exploded in a stunning orgasm. Delirious, Harry laid under the heavily heaving Rod when the man's body tensed and the violent spasms started. With a loud howl Rod shot his load and collapsed on top of Harry.

Harry stayed a week in Rod's house and the horny man gave his willing guest lessons in love that he had never anticipated. Rod was a virile man full of piss and vinegar and Harry's beautiful body kept his cock tense and ready for action at all times. The touch of Rod's brawny nude body drained Harry's will-power and all he could think about was Rod's mighty cock. Harry learned dozens of ways to satisfy his lover and Rod gave his eager guest fireworks every time he fucked him. When it was finally time for Harry to go, it felt only natural that Rod left with him. Together they walked down the country road and stopped every now and then to enjoy each other in the thickets on the roadside.

One day they saw a stone cutter clearing off a rock by the roadside with his assistant. He used a heavy sledgehammer casually and only the rippling of his bulging muscles revealed that some force was needed in the process. His assistant was a young man, approximately of the same age as Harry. He put new wedges into the crevice as the rock gave in. In awe Harry looked at the man's muscular body and he seemed to notice that. He straightened his back and slightly lifted his bulging crotch. "Hi, there! Are you looking for something, pals?" he said with a wry smile. Harry and Rod told him that they were on their way up north to mine gold and the man looked at them with obvious curiosity.

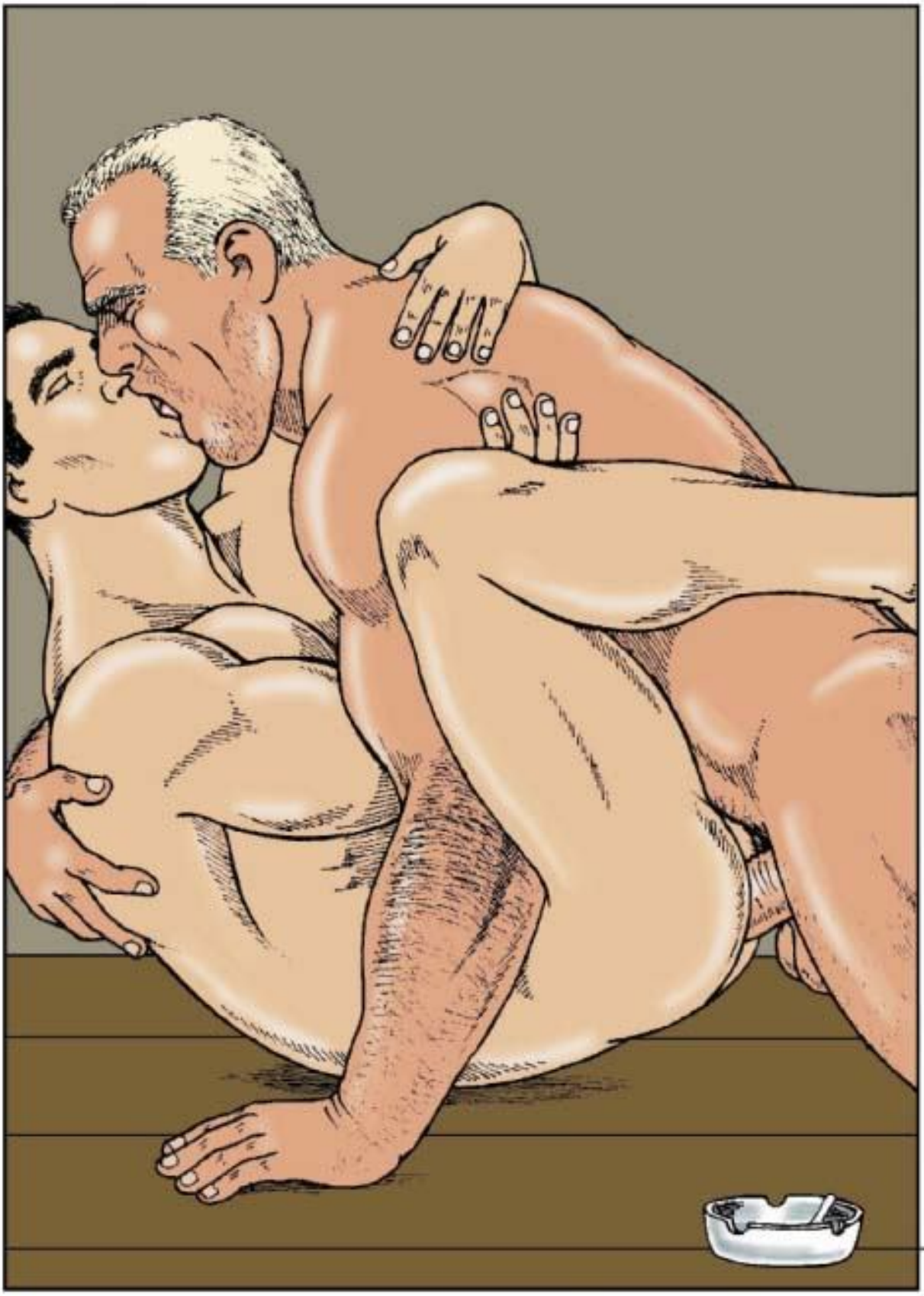
"My name is Wally and this here is my son, Neal. I know something about mining myself. Why don't you come into our cottage and rest for a while?" the man said. "Go and put the kettle on, son. Our friends would surely like to have a cup of coffee," Wally said and slapped Neal on the buttocks. The boy smiled and vanished into the bushes.

When they sat around the table, Wally told them about his experiences in mining. Rod was sitting next to Neal and to his surprise the boy secretly put his hand on Rod's bulging crotch. Cautiously he fondled Rod's stiffening cock and turned it into a real woody. With sure fingers Neal rubbed the bloated head of Rod's violently throbbing cock and the man's chest was heaving visibly. "Take your cotton-picking fingers out of the man's crotch, you little slut," Wally said abruptly and hit the table with his huge fist. "I'm sorry for his bad behavior, pal, but he doesn't often see other men around here and none as good-looking as you two," Wally apologized. "He's hot and horny all the time and there's only my cock to keep his round pussy occupied. I give him cock regularly, but I guess the scent of a new stallion makes these young colts go awry. I bet this boy of yours would also like to try a new cock for a change, wouldn't you boy?" Wally said and wrapped his arm around Harry. "If you want to delight my son with your cock, feel free to fuck him anytime you like. There's a big bed for that purpose in the other room," Wally said and pulled Harry in his arms. "I hope you don't mind if I fool around with your pretty boy for a while," Wally said and shoved his big hand into Harry's crotch. Harry's dick was rock-hard and he didn't resist when Wally kissed him on his mouth.

While Wally's left hand plunged down into Harry's pants and fondled his smooth buttocks, his right hand teased Harry's erect cock and made the boy tremble in heat. "Do you want to fuck with me, boy?" Wally asked holding the shivering Harry in a tight hug. "I think you want this too, don't you boy?" he added and began to strip off Harry's clothes.

Seeing Wally undressing Harry and the boy's visible horniness gave Rod a big throbbing hard-on and Neal was not slow in taking advantage of that. He knelt between Rod's open legs and unbuttoned his pants. He pulled out Rod's big fat cock and began to suck its hefty knob ravenously. Rod stumbled on his feet and hurried the horny boy into the other room.

Wally lifted Harry on top of the big table and pulled off his pants. He opened Harry's legs wide and climbed on top of him. Raging with lust he watched how his big fat cock stretched Harry's pink pucker and forced its bloated head inside the heaving boy.



"You have a nice tight pussy, boy, just the way I like it. I'm sorry that I have to mess it up a little with my raving cock, but I'm sure you are used to it," Wally groaned while he thrust his big fat cock inside Harry with irresistible force.

Harry yelped in agony when Wally's turgid tool glided inside him all the way and the man's big balls hit Harry's trembling buttocks. The heavy wooden table made an awful racket when the big and strapping stonecutter started to fuck Harry's butt. Wally's huge cock moved inside Harry with overpowering force and relentless determination. Harry arched his back in enjoyment while Wally pulled out almost every inch of his beefy cock and then slammed it back to the hilt with ferocious energy. His powerful fuck strokes were very hard and very deliberate. He grazed Harry's inflamed prostate to the point where the gasping boy reached climax and shot his load on Wally's furry belly. "Come on, boy. You can do better than that. There's got to be more juice in these delicious nuts," Wally groaned rubbing Harry's balls with his finger.

"I'm going to squeeze all that milk and honey out of them," he said without stopping to fuck Harry and soon Harry's cock was rock-hard again. "That's better, son. Let's do some serious fucking now," Wally said and his forceful fuck strokes turned short and fast. With fierce energy he pounded Harry's butt pumping the air out of his lungs in desperate grunts and rattles. Harry turned his head from side to side as a new orgasm gathered momentum inside him and suddenly he started to spasm violently. Wally didn't ease his fierce fucking, but shoved Harry over the edge into the orgasm with his relentless cock. Shaken by the power of the shattering orgasm, Harry moaned and groaned in Wally's strong arms and Wally thrust his pulsating cock as deep inside Harry as he possibly could. With trembling buttocks and violently shaking legs Wally blasted his load inside the delirious boy.

When Rod took Neal into the other room, the boy quickly removed his clothes without asking. With shining eyes Neal sat on the bed and watched while Rod revealed his hunky body. Neal's blazing eyes fondled Rod's nude body and made him feel hot and bothered. When Rod climbed into the bed he realized that he could never have asked for a more willing partner. Neal crawled down to Rod's crotch and sucked and licked his mighty cock ravenously. He took Rod's heavy balls into his mouth and gave them a spit bath. Neal shoved his finger between Rod's hairy buttocks and fondled his tight asshole. He then turned Rod on his belly and shoved his wet tongue into Rod's furry crack. While Neal ate Rod's crack with his hot mouth, he saw how Rod's low-hanging balls were fastened to the base of his towering cock. The thick shaft of Rod's solid cock seemed to grow even bigger and the big veins bulged out on its smooth surface as if there wasn't enough skin for it to thicken.

Neal's burning face between his clenching buttocks made Rod hornier than ever. The boy's smooth lips and his wet tongue caressed Rod's asshole like nothing before and Neal's hot breath made it even more sensitive. Clear drops of precum oozed out of Rod's raving cock and he grabbed the boy in his arms. He made the boy kneel in front of him on all fours and opened his furrow. Hidden between Neal's smooth buns was a pink bud and Rod moistened it with his precum. He then rubbed the tight pucker with his big finger and when it loosened a bit, he thrust his forefinger in Neal's hot anus to the last knuckle. The horny boy moaned loudly when Rod thrust more fingers inside him and forced Neal's tight sphincter to widen out enough for his massive cock.

When Neal felt Rod's throbbing cock gliding inside him, he was trembling out of excitement. Its plump bald head opened Neal's chute inch by inch and stretched it to the extreme as it plunged deep inside the wriggling boy. It felt as if Rod's sturdy cock had filled Neal completely, but the boy couldn't have been any happier. When Rod's huge cock started to move back and forth inside him, Neal moaned and groaned in ecstasy. "Oh, yes! Oh, fuck me, please. Fuck me harder and stab that monster inside me without pity. I've been a bad boy and I deserve to be punished," Neal howled incoherently while he milked Rod's robust rod with his strong sphincter. Rod didn't let down the horny boy, but fucked his delicious butt with fervent ardor. Rod's massive chest heaved vigorously while he slammed his turgid cock inside the trembling boy again and again. Rod's strong hairy buttocks clenched and relaxed in a fierce tempo and Neal's intense moans turned into a continuous howling. It all ended with shrill shrieks when Neal reached climax and Rod emptied his massive cock in the whimpering boy.

That night they all slept in the same big bed. Rod and Wally shared the boys in a friendly manner and they fucked both boys with equal gusto. Seeing each other in vigorous action further incited them and the boys had to endure zealous fuckings by both men simultaneously. Wally's wife had died some ten years ago and when the hormones started to hum in Neal's body it didn't take long for them to find a perfect solution for their problems. They were delighted to have an opportunity to fuck with total strangers for a while, though, and Rod and Harry had nothing against that either. They stayed with Wally and Neal for a few hot days. When they prepared to continue their journey, it was only natural for Wally and Neal to lock up their house and join them.

TO BE CONTINUED... ... ...

# STRONG HARRY
# Chapter II

It took them many weeks to get to the right area, but they quite enjoyed the journey. They found an abandoned cottage in the wilderness which had probably been occupied by gold miners at one time, but was now in pretty bad shape. On their way up north they had bought some tools and other equipment which came handy for fixing up the cottage until it was again fit to live in, and then they settled down for the winter.

They decided that one of them would always remain in the cottage, while the other three hunted for provisions to keep them alive throughout the winter, or looked for the mining prospects. Since none of them much liked the idea of staying in the cottage alone, it was agreed that the "housekeeper" would change every day. They tossed a pair of dice to determine who would stay home first – and Rod lost.

A few miles from the cottage was an old gold mine. It had been abandoned a long time ago, but at dawn a big beefy man stepped out of the mine buck naked. He stretched his limbs and inhaled the fresh mountain air. He sported a prominent morning stiffy and scratched his furry belly while waiting for his massive cock to relax a little. Then he emptied his bladder gazing intently at the horizon. To his surprise he saw a wreath of smoke rising among the trees. He knew that there was an old cottage in that direction, but nobody had lived there for a long time. He decided to check out what was going on down there and returned to the mine to pick up his things.

Rod was preparing their mid-day meal when a stranger walked into the cottage with his shotgun at his side. He was a big strapping man with a rugged face and worn out clothes. Rod noticed how the man's crotch bulged and in no time it turned into a visible hard-on. "Drop your pants, boy," he said and lifted his gun. The man appeared to be serious and Rod had no other choice than to obey him. "My, my. What a delicious ass you've got, pal. Life around here can be very lonely, but with a butt like that you'll always have company. You've made my dick rock-hard, boy, and I feel like lubing your sweet ass with my cum. Strip off the rest of your clothes. That's an order," the man said pushing the barrel of his gun between Rod's shoulder blades.

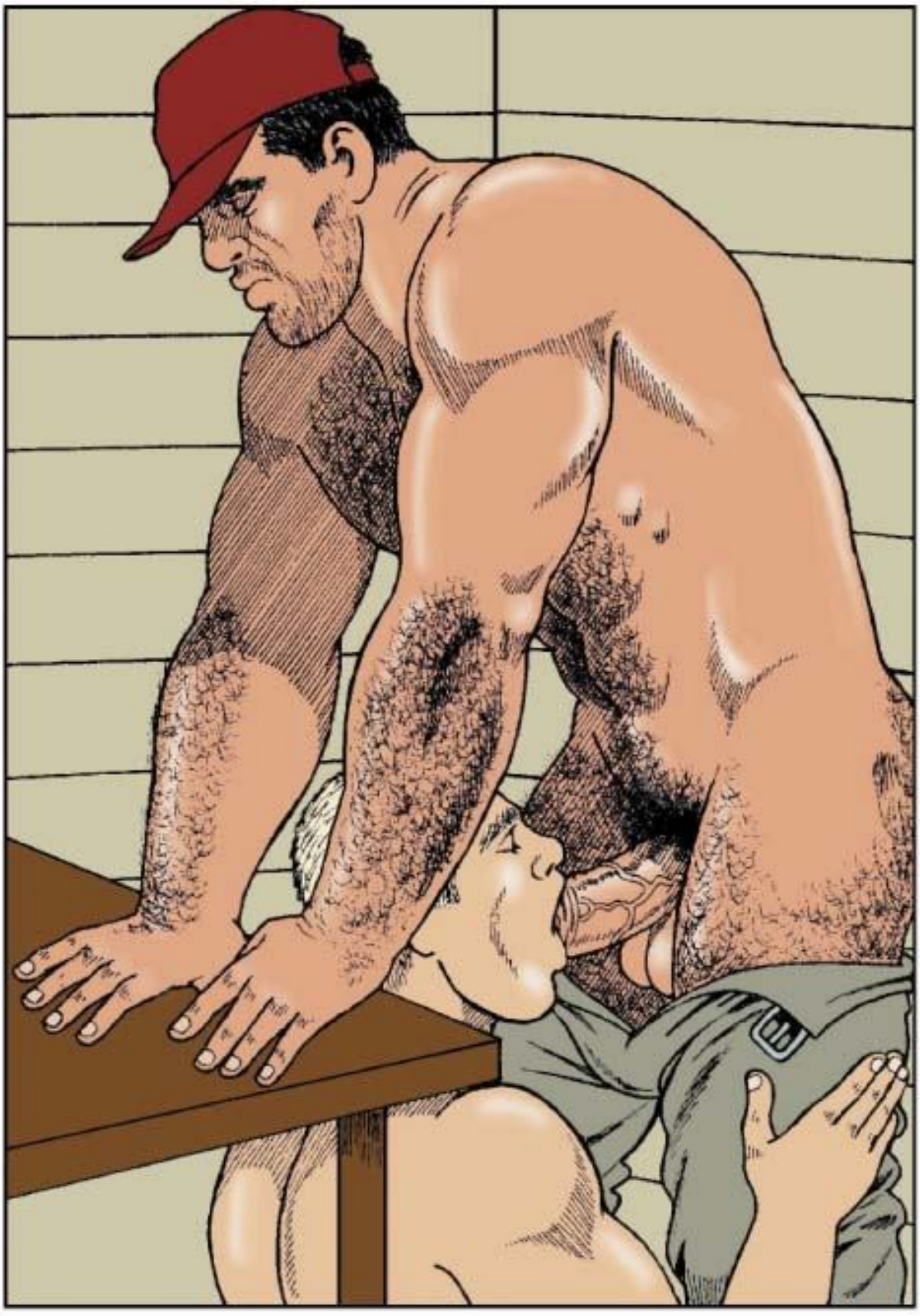
Slowly Rod peeled of his clothes while the man admired his private parts. "Lean on the table now and let me see your round pussy, pal," the man said and Rod heard him unbuckle his pants. Rod tried to surprise his captor, but the man pushed him on the table and Rod felt cold steel against his pucker. "Don't try anything foolish with me, boy. I'm going to shoot a load inside you, buddy, but you can choose the weapon. It's either my cock or the shotgun. Which one is it going to be, pal?" the man asked with a gruff voice and fondled Rod's buttocks with his rough hand.

For Rod it was an easy decision, but when the man's massive cock forced its way inside him, Rod knew that he was going to suffer anyway. The girth of the man's beefy cock stretched Rod's sphincter to the limit and the length of it enabled a penetration so deep that Rod moaned in agony. "You are not a virgin anymore, buddy, so stop whimpering and open your goldmine for the Big Daddy," the man said and with a violent thrust he forced his cock fully in. Rod yelped involuntarily as the pain radiated throughout his body. The man started to fuck Rod's ass with fierce energy. Biting Rod's neck and ears he pounded Rod's butt with vigorous fuck strokes, but it was soon apparent that he hadn't fucked anybody for a long time. He struggled against cumming right from the start and with loud growling and cursing he shot his load of hot spunk.

Heaving and out of breath, he leaned against Rod and then pulled out his softening cock. "Keep that sweet hole ready for me, pal. I'll be back soon," the man said buttoning his pants and Rod could feel his gooey cum running down his thighs making them feel wet and sticky all the way to his knees. But Rod didn't dare make a move to clean himself up until the man had left the cottage.

Rod was so embarrassed about it all that he didn't say a word about the man's visit to his pals when they finally returned to the cottage. The next morning it was Neal's turn to remain in the cottage and he too was preparing their supper when the stranger suddenly appeared with his shotgun. He stood in the doorway and looked at Neal in surprise. "What have we got here? A fresh new butt for Big Daddy. That's mighty thoughtful of you. What happened to the boy I fucked yesterday?" the man asked and Neal looked at him puzzled.

"Oh, never mind. Drop your pants, boy, unless you want me to blast them off. Big Daddy feels like fucking today," the man said lifting his shotgun. When Neal stood in front of him without a stitch on, the man walked around him slowly and studied Neal's nude body meticulously. He thrust his thick finger between Neal's buns and grabbed his balls in his hand.



"I bet the guy I saw here yesterday fucks you like a rabbit. No red-blooded man could refuse to give cock to a cutie like you, boy," the man said and forced Neal on his knees in front of him. "Well, hurry up, boy, and open your gift," he said thrusting his big bulging crotch into Neal's face.

With trembling hands Neal unbuttoned the man's pants and watched how his long cock flopped out and grew bigger right in front of his eyes. With bulging veins and struggling like a weight-lifter its massive shaft lifted the big bloated knob up high, as a drop of precum escaped from its pouting tip. "Taste my sap, boy," the man said and shoved his throbbing cock into Neal's half-open lips. Neal took the plump head into his hot mouth and started to suck it. The man took hold of Neal's head with both hands and thrust his rock-hard cock deep into the boy's throat. He started to fuck Neal's face and the boy was nearly suffocated by the huge tube-steak he was forced to swallow. He tried to free himself, but the man kept his head in an iron grip and forcibly fed him his fleshy cock. Again and again the bloated knob plunged deep into his throat and Neal could feel the man's big balls rubbing against his chin.

Neal tried to bury his nails into the man's thighs, but they were so firm and brawny that all he could grab onto was the coarse fabric of his worn-out pants. The man forced Neal to swallow his throbbing cock to the hilt and rubbed his furry crotch against Neal's face. He held Neal's face there until his sight was getting dim and his limbs turned weak. The man then arched his back and shot a huge load into Neal's quivering mouth. "You give good head, sonny," the man said panting heavily as he pulled out his beefy cock not a second too early. He then buttoned up his pants and grabbed his shotgun. "I'll be back soon, sweetie," the man said as he stepped through the doorway and left Neal alone, exhausted.

Neal laid on the floor, covered with the man's rank smelling cum. It was everywhere. The man had shot such a huge load that Neal could only swallow a small portion of it. Neal was furious because Rod hadn't warned him about the rapist. As he cleaned himself up, Neal decided not to mention the incident either because he didn't want to be ridiculed by his Daddy.

The following day it was Wally's turn to stay in the cottage and while he was peeling potatoes for supper, a stranger walked in with a shotgun in his hand. "Well, well, well. This must be the best little whorehouse this side of the Rockies with fresh new butts to be fucked every day. Let's have a look at yours, buddy. Drop your pants and don't try anything funny," the man growled aiming at Wally with his shotgun. He then forced Wally to lie down on top of the table and tied his limbs to its legs.

The man was alert all the time and didn't give Wally the slightest possibility to catch him unawares. When Wally's arms and legs were securely fastened, the man put his shotgun aside and unbuckled his pants. Wally tried to talk the man out of it, but to no avail. "Don't be such a cry-baby, pal. There aren't many choices around here so you have to be satisfied with what you've got. You are not what is generally called an unspoiled flower, but I'm not too particular with my whores and your ass looks good enough for me. Trust me, buddy. I'll bust your rosebud without dropping a petal and it will look as good as new after I've filled it with my juice," he said and opened Wally's asshole with his fingers.

"This meat-eating flower of yours looks pretty hungry, as if it hasn't been fed for quite some time. We'll soon take care of that problem," the man said and yanked down his pants. As the man's sturdy cock forced Wally's sphincter to give in and its turgid head plunged inside him, a strange transformation happened in Wally. As the man had guessed, nobody had fucked Wally's ass for a long time and he had almost forgotten how it felt to be had that way. When the man's beefy cock penetrated him, Wally knew without seeing it that it was big, perhaps even bigger than anything that had ever been shoved up in his ass. It made Wally feel a new kind of excitement which was strangely mixed with the raw physical pain of forcible penetration.

His hairy buttocks trembled when the man forced more cock inside him and Wally couldn't prevent heated moans escaping through his mouth. "You should have taken better care of this flower," the heavily panting man growled. "It needs meat regularly and its cavity has to be filled with fresh juice, but all is not lost yet. My meat is very nourishing and my big balls are filled with enlivening juice. With proper care and arduous work we'll soon have this drooping flower in full bloom again," the man grunted as he slammed the few remaining inches of his enormous cock inside Wally's strained ass. Then the man started to move his cock back and forth in Wally's tight chute and Wally's legs trembled and jerked involuntarily. When the man drew his cock back, Wally felt as if his chute had followed and when the man slammed his cock deep inside him again, it felt bigger and bigger every time.

Each vigorous thrust grazed Wally's inflamed prostate and in no time the stranger steamed him up like never before. Wally was totally unable to say anything intelligible and he reacted to the man's fierce fucking with loud howling. His mind was in utter turmoil and the only thing he could think about was the magnum-sized love pump inside him. Its every stroke pushed Wally closer to climax and his strong sphincter squeezed the man's cock.

"See how your flower hungers after my meat. It clenches its hot lips around my cock and sucks it like it hasn't gotten any for ages. We'd better let it have all of it," the man said and his fuck strokes turned very deep and very violent. Wally moaned like a man mortally wounded and he gasped for air when the man finally blasted his load.

After a while the man stood up and buttoned his pants. "Your flower is fragrant again, buddy, but it needs a new meat injection every couple of days to stay that way. It would be a pity to let such a delightful flower fade away unused. If you don't mind, I'll pop in again some day and give it what it needs," the man said and slapped Wally's cum soaked ass. He then removed the ties and was gone before Wally was able to stand up again.

Wally was badly shaken and perplexed. He had always considered himself strictly a top-man, but suddenly he realized that he had enjoyed the man's fierce fucking tremendously. When he as much as thought about the man's big cock penetrating him, Wally got a throbbing hard-on. He didn't tell anybody about the man's visit simply because he wanted to keep him for himself.

The next morning it was Harry's turn to stay in the cottage. He was washing dishes when he heard somebody come in. As he turned around he saw a complete stranger standing behind him with a shotgun in his hand. "This must be my lucky day. I have already fucked the three bears that live in this cottage, so you must be Goldilocks. Drop your pants, sweetie. Big Daddy wants to see your hot round pussy," the man chuckled and poked Harry with his gun. Harry was furious because the others hadn't warned him about this fool, but there was nothing he could do. "You better take them all off because Daddy's going to fuck that sweet pussy of yours anyway," the man said and his blazing eyes followed Harry's nude body while the boy took off his clothes.

"With all these horny boys around, you must have missed Daddy's robust rod, baby. You and me, we are now going to bed together and we'll make the sheets sing like never before. If you are a good boy and don't try anything funny, Daddy will make you very happy, guaranteed," the man said and guided Harry to the nearest bed.

Harry watched the man drop his pants and reveal his massive cock. Harry's mouth opened and he gasped unwittingly. "You like it, don't you, boy?" the man said and stroked the veiny shaft of his cock lightly. He pulled its plump head down and let it spring up again. "Your tight little pussy is going to like it even more," he said and peeled off the rest of his clothes.

If Harry had considered defending himself against this stranger, the sight of his erect cock made Harry change his mind. When the man climbed into bed and grabbed Harry in his arms, the boy didn't resist his advances at all. The horny man opened Harry's legs wide apart and gazed at his pink pucker with visible delight. "Big Daddy likes your pussy, Goldilocks. He likes it very much," the man said with a gruff voice and poked Harry's pucker with his solid cock. "Be a good boy now and Big Daddy will make you feel real good," he said and thrust the hefty head of his throbbing cock inside the quivering boy.

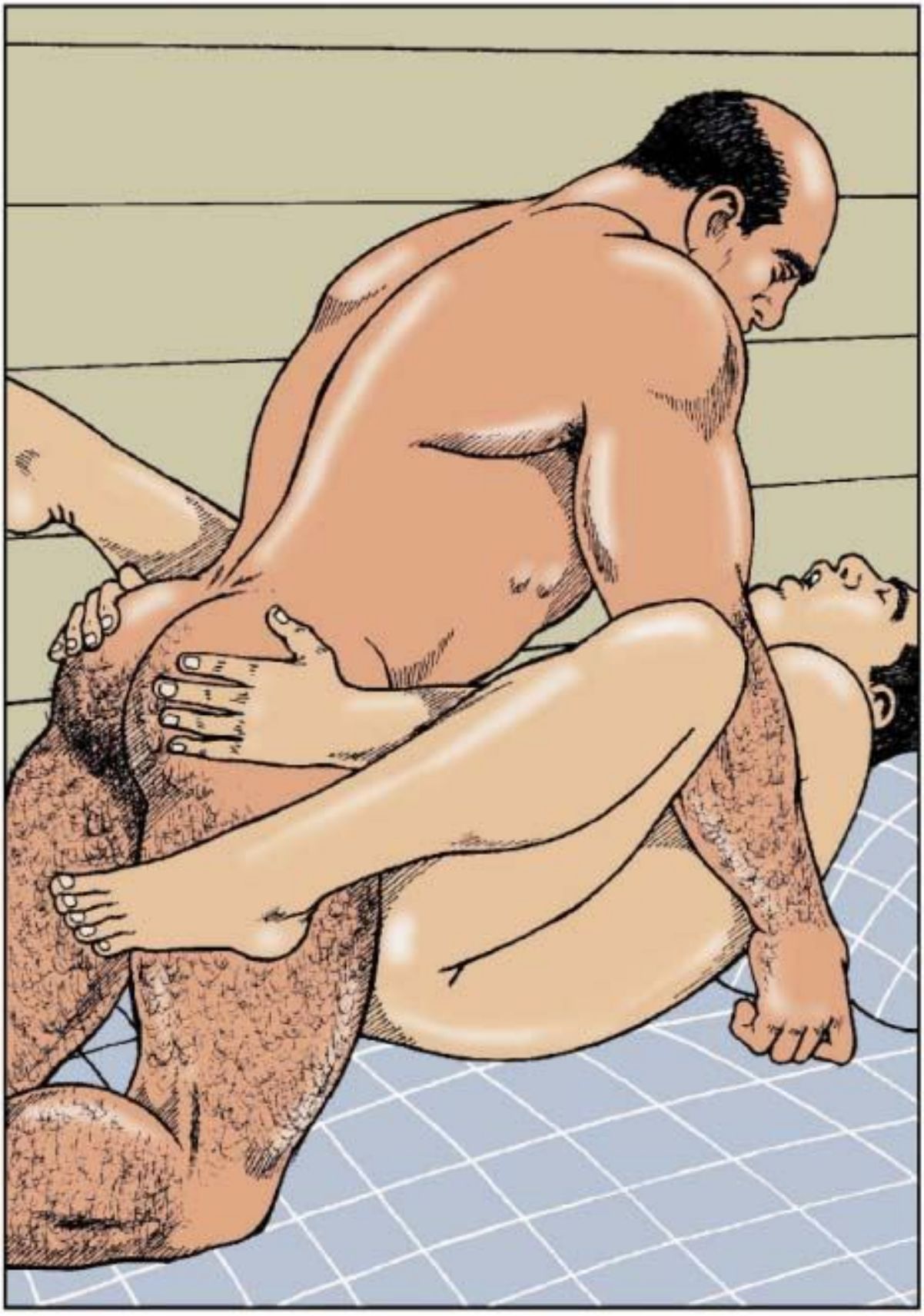
When the man forced his huge cock inside him, Harry regretted that he hadn't defended himself, but now it was too late. Like pinning an insect to a piece of cardboard, the lusty man nailed Harry with his sturdy cock and holding his arms in a tight grip he forced more meat inside the moaning boy.

"Don't panic, sweetie. Big Daddy knows what he's doing. My cock isn't a teeny wienie, but you are already old enough to taste the real thing," he growled and slammed his rough-necked cock fully in. It felt like a solid wedge between his buns and the man hammered it deeper into his cleft.

When the man then started to fuck him, Harry forgot all his fears. Wrapping his arms around the man's brawny body, Harry rocked and swayed at a frantic pace in his lover's lusty embrace. He buried his face in the furry chest of the man and opened his legs as wide as he could. "That's the way I want it, sweetie. Open your sweet pussy for Daddy's cock," the man groaned and plowed Harry's ass with his massive tool. His energetic thrusts made Harry tremble and shiver uncontrollably and then a stunning orgasm hit him like a bolt of lightning. He spasmed in the man's arms in ecstasy and buried his nails in his strong buttocks.

"You're cumming, baby and Daddy's cock is full of goodies just for you. Take this, and this, and this," the man howled and stabbed his huge cock into Harry's aching butt with furious energy. Harry whined like a mare in heat while the massive cock pounded his ass. Suddenly the man stopped and clearly struggled against cumming, but he lost the struggle when Harry grabbed his big balls in his hands. Howling like a wolf the man shot his load and collapsed on top of Harry, gasping. He was still exhausted when the man put on his clothes and grabbed his shotgun.

"You made Daddy very happy, Goldilocks, and Daddy's sure to let you play with his cock again some day. Be a good boy now and keep your pussy ready for Daddy at all times," the man said and left the cottage.



Harry might have looked FUBAR, but the man was a fool if he thought that the boy was going to let him disappear just like that. In no time Harry had his clothes on and he rushed after the man before he had disappeared into the forest. Cautiously Harry followed him taking care that the man didn't see him. The man had no reason to suspect that he was being followed and walked through the forest swiftly using tracks that were hardly visible to an untrained eye.

They arrived at the foothills of the mountains and suddenly the man disappeared out of sight. Harry searched the area where he had last seen the man and found the entry to the abandoned goldmine. It was well hidden among the rocks and boulders, but Harry was sure that the man had gone there.

He sneaked in and cautiously walked through the mine shaft. The passage took a turn to the left and suddenly Harry was in semi-darkness. When his eyes got used to it he went on and soon he thought that he saw light at the other end of the tunnel. The closer he got, the clearer it became and he started to hear voices too. Finally he came to another bend and saw that there was a cave at the end of the tunnel. He saw the man sitting at a table, eating ravenously.

What caught Harry's eye was the boy who was serving food to the man. Harry had never seen anyone more beautiful in his life. The boy was wearing only shorts and the light made his smooth skin shimmer with golden hues. He had beautiful features, ash-blond hair and his body was beautifully proportioned. He smiled at the man and that smile made Harry's cock stir.

The man fondled the boy's beautifully curved butt while he served the food and Harry's cock turned rock-hard instantly. To his surprise the man didn't go any further and the boy didn't seem to pay any attention to his gesture. "He's sure to fuck the boy later," Harry thought, but at the same time he wondered why the man came to their cottage to bust their asses when he had a juicy tidbit like this in his own cave.

Harry couldn't hear what they were talking about and he didn't dare go any closer. He noticed that there were two separate beds in the cave and when the boy had finished his work, he stretched out on what must have been his bed and picked up a book. After a while the man finished his meal and stretched out on the other bed. In a few moments he was fast asleep and Harry sneaked back to the tunnel. When he came out of the mine, Harry saw that it was already getting dark and rushed back to the cottage.

When the others arrived, Harry kept his secret despite their scrutinizing looks. He spent that night with Wally who cautiously tried to find out whether the stranger had raped him too, but Harry didn't reveal anything. Early the next morning they left Rod in the cottage and went out as usual. Harry pretended that he saw a rabbit and rushed after it. Taking care that nobody followed him, Harry went to the mine again and hid among the boulders. He didn't have to wait long before the man came out and headed towards their cottage. Knowing that the man would soon be busy with Rod, Harry sneaked into the mine.

TO BE CONTINUED... ... ...

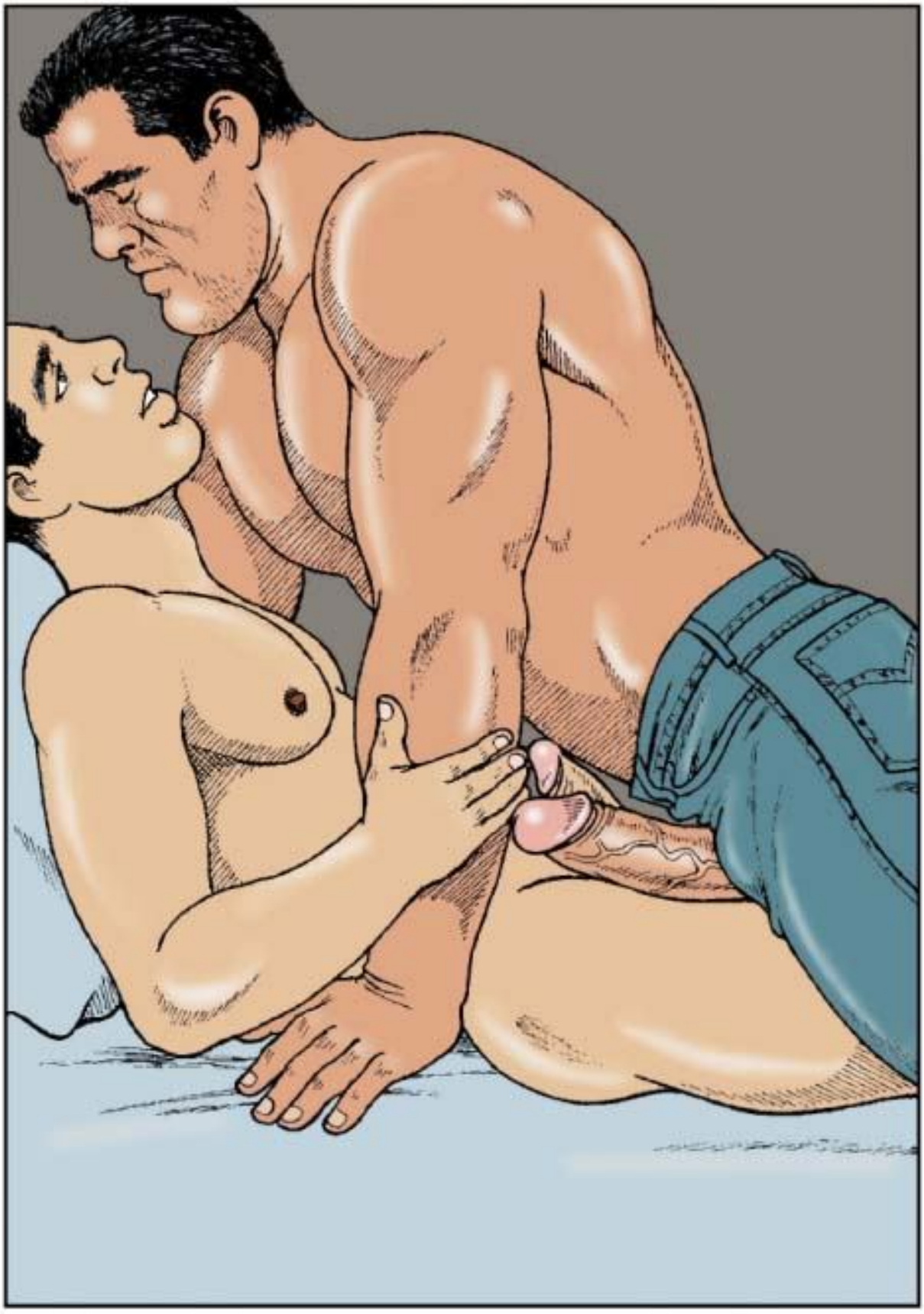
# STRONG HARRY
# Chapter III

When he came into the cave, Harry saw that the boy was washing himself in a tub. With hungry eyes Harry watched as sparkling drops of water glittered on the boy's wet skin and one of them disappeared between his beautifully curved buns. Harry's cock was rock-hard instantly and when the boy bent down to pick up a towel his pink pucker was clearly visible. When the boy started to rub his nude body with the towel, Harry stepped in and snatched the towel from his hands.

"Let me help you," he said with a thick voice and began to rub the boy's wet body. "Who are you?" the startled boy asked. "My name is Harry, what's yours?" Harry said and fondled the boy's nude body quite unabashedly. "My name is Colin, but what are you doing here?" the boy asked and blushed when Harry's hands reached his most intimate parts. "You'll soon find out," Harry said and pulled the naked boy into his arms. When Harry's lips touched Colin's lips, the boy's eyes widened. He tried to free himself, but Harry held him in a tight hug and kissed him for real. "Haven't you been kissed before?" Harry asked looking straight into Colin's eyes. "No," Colin said without looking at Harry and blushing violently.

"Really? I can't understand why not. I could kiss you constantly. You are the most beautiful boy I have ever seen," Harry said and kissed Colin again. To his delight the boy didn't resist him anymore and let Harry suck his lips gently. There still was the look of a hunted animal in his eyes, though. Harry felt his blood rushing in his veins when his hands found Colin's smooth butt. With both hands he fondled Colin's delicious buns and his heart missed a beat due to his excitement. "Why did you come here?" Colin asked.

"I came here yesterday to meet your Daddy, but then I heard that he wasn't alone. When I peeked in, I saw you and you have been on my mind ever since," Harry said. "Oh, Gary is not my Daddy, he's my brother. What did you want to meet him for?" Colin asked. "I was going to ask his permission to make love to you, but now it isn't necessary anymore," Harry said and grabbed the wriggling boy in his strong arms. He carried Colin to the bed and pinned him down with his weight.



At first Colin tried to resist, but Harry's hot kisses and fondling hands made him calm down. "What do you mean by making love to me? Is this making love?" Colin asked and blushed again. "It sure is, but that's not all, baby," Harry answered and crawled backwards covering Colin's nude body with intimate kisses. He sucked the boy's pink nipples and as he moved further down, he saw that Colin's breathing had turned faster.

Harry kissed Colin's navel and his smooth belly while gently rubbing his crotch with his hand. To his delight Harry noticed that Colin's dick was jutting fully erect and he reacted to Harry's touch by heaving vigorously. Harry took Colin's cock into his mouth and started to suck it with gusto. At first Colin was shocked and tried to push Harry's face away from his cock, but Harry had no intention to let it happen. Soon Colin's efforts turned half-hearted and a heated moan escaped his mouth. He began to fondle Harry's head with shaky hands and buried his fingers in Harry's thick hair. Colin's moans became louder and his heaving turned irregular. His body started to tremble uncontrollably and panic hit the gasping boy. When a violent orgasm hit his trembling body Colin's creamy cum cascaded out and into Harry's mouth. It tasted fresh and sweet and Harry swallowed it all.

Colin was euphoric and relaxed. When Harry pulled him into his arms again, the ecstatic boy wrapped his arms around Harry's neck eagerly. "Was that love-making?" Colin asked after a while. "It sure was, but that's not all," Harry said kissing Colin's smooth neck. His stubbly chin rubbed Colin's skin and the giggling boy fondled Harry's massive pecs. "Do you want to learn more?" Harry asked and Colin nodded his head eagerly. Harry stepped away from the bed and took off his pants. When Colin saw Harry's big cock in a full massive erection his eyes widened and his mouth dropped opened in astonishment.

"Are you going after rabbits now?" Colin asked. "No, I'm not going anywhere. Why?" Harry asked, puzzled. "Because every time Gary's cock looks like that he goes out and tries to find some bunnies. He takes his shotgun with him and he stays away for hours. In fact he's looking for bunnies right now," Colin said. "I know. I saw him going, but I'm not going anywhere," Harry said and climbed back to the bed. "I'm not interested in bunnies anymore. All I want is you, baby," Harry muttered and kissed Colin holding him in a tight hug. Harry grabbed Colin's smooth buttocks in his both hands and squeezed them gently. He opened Colin's furrow and with his forefinger he explored the boy's hot pucker. Harry's cock pulsated violently when he finally thrust his finger inside Colin's tight anus all the way up to his knuckle and began to massage the boy's prostate.

When Harry's big finger penetrated his anus, Colin was startled, but he soon melted in Harry's hot embrace and answered his passionate kisses willingly. Then Colin's breathing turned irregular again and he moaned softly. Harry pulled out his finger and opened Colin's legs wide apart. There right in front of him was Colin's pink bud and Harry stroked it with his rock-hard cock.

"I'm gonna bust your cherry, baby. This might hurt a little, but it's the price you to pay for becoming a man," Harry said and his big throbbing cock dribbled and slobbered and jerked like a drunk. Cautiously he guided its big bloated head to Colin's tight hole and with a forceful thrust shoved it deep inside the heaving boy. The shock of Harry's thick cock inside the shivering boy was clearly visible on Colin's face when Harry forced in more cock. Colin struggled to free himself and begged Harry to let him go, but Harry held him in a tight grip. "Calm down, baby. I'm not going to hurt you. Just follow my orders and everything will be just fine," Harry whispered and kissed the boy passionately. With soothing words and a lot of patience Harry managed to calm the startled boy and little by little his big throbbing cock sank deeper inside Colin's tight asshole. Harry watched Colin carefully and eased the pressure immediately when the signs of pain appeared on the boy's sweaty face. Gradually Colin's fright eased and when Harry slammed the last remaining inches of his massive cock inside the trembling boy, Colin was almost begging for it.

Slowly Harry started to move his robust rod inside Colin's tight ass and the boy turned his head from side to side in growing excitement. Harry's hairy ass flexed and relaxed in a quickening tempo when he drove his massive cock back and forth in Colin's tight chute and his thrusts turned deeper and harder. The hefty knob of his inflamed cock grazed Colin's prostate and each vigorous stroke brought the ecstatic boy a little closer to climax. With blazing eyes Harry fucked Colin's smooth ass and time after time he jammed his stiff tool inside the howling boy. Colin gasped and convulsed under Harry's weight in unbearable excitement until a shattering orgasm hit his body like an electric shock. While Colin trembled and shivered in ecstatic relief his beautiful cock spurted cum all over Harry's massive pecs and tight abs. The sweet smell of Colin's cum further incited Harry and like a man possessed he fucked the euphoric boy. Their sweaty bodies slapped against each other and Colin's gooey cum glued them together.

When Harry finally blasted his load, he collapsed in the arms of the heaving boy and Colin kissed Harry's sweaty forehead. "Is my cherry busted now?" Colin asked. "Sure, baby. Your cherry is busted and now you'll be free to fuck anybody you want and as often as you want," Harry said purring gruffly.

"But I don't want to fuck with anybody but you. You make me feel so good that I wish you would do it again," Colin said squeezing Harry's flaccid cock with his strong sphincter. "Hold on, baby. I promised to make love to you, didn't I? I'd call this a helluva hot love-making, but it sure wasn't all of it," Harry chuckled and pressed his sweaty face against Colin's smooth chest. The wonderful scent of Colin's nude body and the squeeze of his tight sphincter revitalized Harry's lust and soon his cock was rock-hard again. Colin's obvious hunger for his cock aroused Harry tremendously and he pounded Colin's butt with fierce energy. Colin spasmed in his arms and howled in obvious delight as Harry fucked him like a maniac.

The orgasms that Colin gave to Harry were every bit as explosive as he had dreamed they would be and his lusty cock hardly left Colin's tight chute for hours. Suddenly Harry realized that Gary hadn't returned from his bunny hunting. Something must have happened and Harry jumped out of bed in a hurry. "Put your clothes on, baby. I want you to come with me," Harry said and without hesitation Colin did what Harry had asked. Together they rushed out of the mine.

When Harry had disappeared, Wally and Neal had been looking for him when they saw Gary hurrying into the cottage. They knew what that meant and they followed him unobserved. When they came to the porch and peeked in, they saw that this time Rod had taken the intruder by surprise. Gary was standing without a stitch on in front of Rod, who had a gun pointed straight at him. "I had the pleasure to be introduced to your mighty member last time you paid me a visit, pal. I think that it's high time for you to get acquainted with my dick this time, buddy. Get over here and stretch out on top of the table and don't try anything funny or I'll shoot you as soon as look at you," Rod said with a gruff voice.

Gary had no choice but to obey Rod's orders. "OK, guys. You can come in now. I know that you are out there," Rod hollered and Wally and Neal stumbled in. "Look what we have for dinner," Rod said and slapped Gary's hairy ass proudly. "You better tie the bastard up carefully because we are going to have a lot of fun with him tonight," Rod said throwing them a bunch of rope. Wally and Neal tied Gary up on top of the table and they couldn't keep their hands off his magnificent cock. "Look at this. What a monster of a cock he's got," Neal said stroking the hardening shaft of Gary's massive cock and remembering how good it had felt inside of him.

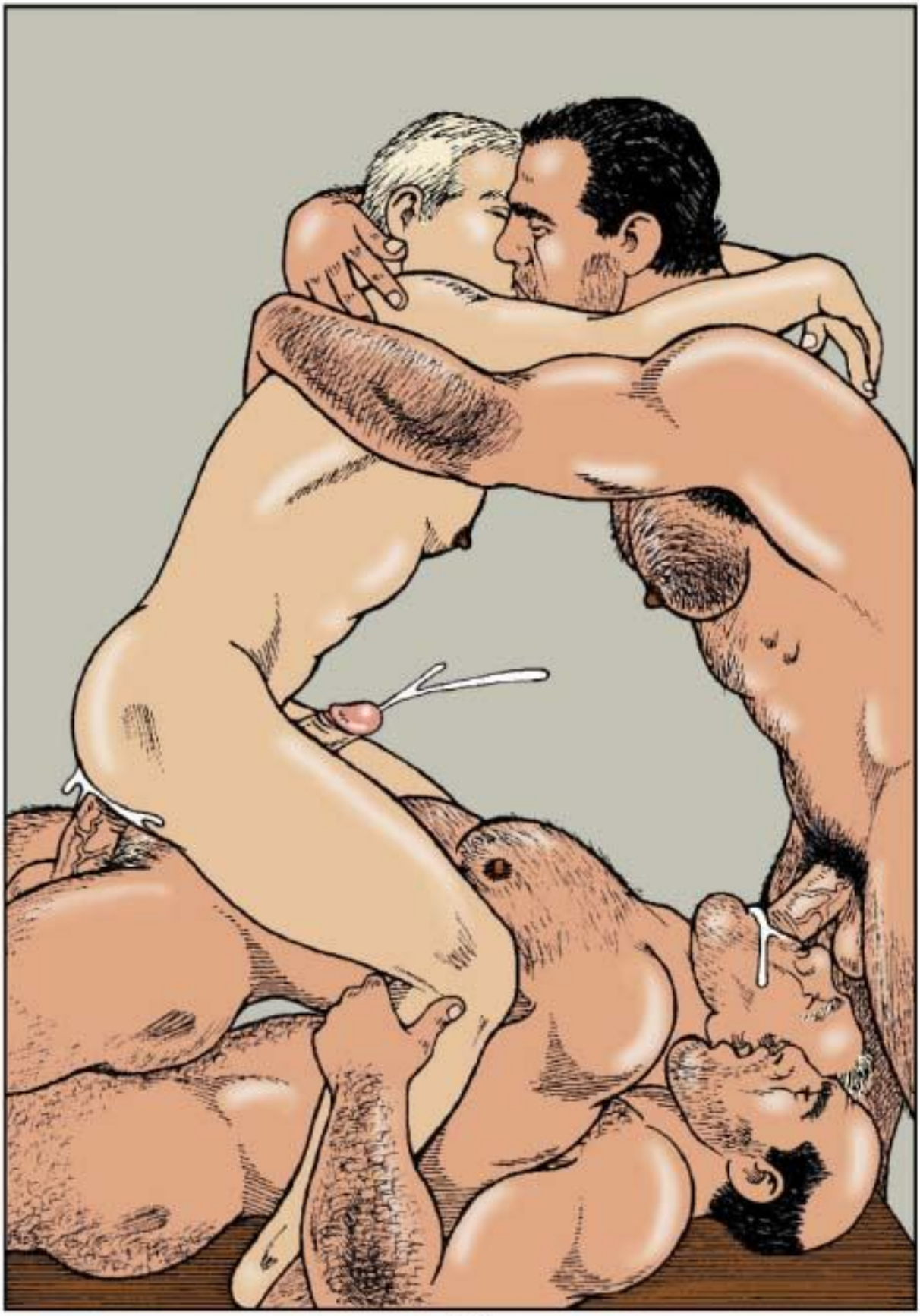
"Never mind that cock now and stop playing with your dinner. We have to teach this son of a bitch some manners," Rod said opening his pants. He rubbed his sturdy blueveiner against Gary's crack and quickly shoved it inside his asshole. Gary yelled and shouted obscenities, but to no avail.

Rod was only incited further by Gary's angry protests and fucked his ass even more vigorously. When Rod had shot his load, Neal took his place and fucked Gary with juvenile energy. By then Gary's protests had ceased and his cock was jutting rock-hard. By the time Wally had thrust his big fat cock inside Gary, the man was trembling and moaning incessantly.

"Keep quiet, lover boy. Your moneymaker is a bit rusty You ought to be grateful that we're lubing it for you," Wally grunted as he fucked Gary's squirming ass with great gusto. "He likes you, Wally," Neal said pointing at Gary's cock that couldn't take it any more. It was jerking and swaying and gushing cum on the floor in heavy torrents. They took advantage of their hapless prisoner several times before they finally freed him.

"No hard feelings, pal. Just learn to say please next time when you want something," Wally said fondling Gary's nude body. He pulled Gary into his strong arms and kissed him. "I quite enjoyed you fucking me and I look forward to that happening again," Wally whispered in Gary's ear and to his embarrassment he felt his cock stiffen. Gary looked straight into his eyes and after a while he smiled. "You deserved every inch of it," he said and kissed Wally holding him in a tight hug. One thing led to another and soon Wally and Gary were eating each other's faces with all the physical signs of extreme excitement. It didn't take long before Gary had Wally leaning against the table and forced his big beefy cock inside the willing man. With his cock buried deep inside Wally, Gary stretched out on top of the table and pulled the heavily heaving Wally on top of him. He tweaked Wally's protruding nipples hard making Wally wriggle his impaled ass. Neal gazed at Wally's towering cock and quickly climbed on top of him. He guided the plump head of Wally's throbbing cock to his pucker and forced it inside his hot chute.

Neal slid down on Wally's mighty erection and forced it inside him to the hilt. Rod watched them howling in enjoyment and he had no intention to be left out. He moved to the head of the table and thrust his erect cock into Wally's mouth. While kissing and fondling Neal he fucked the faces of Wally and Gary, alternating from one to another with equal gusto. It was at this moment when Colin and Harry stepped into the cottage. With wide eyes Colin gazed at the incredible scene in front of him. "What the hell you are doing?" Harry asked and grabbed Colin under his arm. The beauty of Colin made Rod lose control and he filled Wally's mouth with his cum. Wally's struggle against choking made Gary and Neal shoot their loads too. The heady smell of fresh cum surrounded the bunch of heaving men and the sight of their hairy asses, swollen cocks and glistening bodies was an image that fascinated Colin more than anything he had ever seen.



As the heap of men dissolved, Colin saw that his embarrassed brother was among them, buck naked and all sticky with fresh cum. "Look, Colin. Let me explain this," Gary said, but Colin interrupted him right away. "Why didn't you tell me?" Colin asked. Gary looked at him and said, "You wouldn't have understood. This is strictly adult stuff." Colin wrapped his arm around Harry and fondled his bulging crotch with a smile on his face. "I know. Harry's cock is full of adult stuff and I love it," Colin said. "What do you mean? Has the bastard touched you, Colin?" Gary asked. "Well, I had to threaten him with your gun to make him fuck me the first time, but he learned quickly. He is quite an expert in catching bunnies, you know," Colin said and kissed Harry's chest.

All hell was about to break loose when Gary understood that Harry had copped Colin's cherry and the other guys had a hard time calming him down. Little by little the tension eased up when Gary saw how happy Colin was and finally they were able to sit down to have dinner. "Sorry to say, but you two gentlemen are grossly over dressed for the occasion," Neal said to Colin and Harry. "There's a strict dress code here: only bare butts are allowed round this table," Rod added. Colin and Harry stripped off their clothes and joined the others in general merriment. It was soon evident to everybody that Colin and Harry were truly infatuated with each other as they kissed and hugged constantly. Well, with all those hot-blooded and virile blokes around it was bound to have a few consequences. While Harry fucked the euphoric Colin in a bed, Gary tormented Wally with his mighty member on top of the table, as Rod made Neal howl in ecstasy outside on the porch.

Wally and Gary's expertise, combined with Rod and Harry's strength made it possible for them to find and dig for gold in the abandoned mine. Neal and Colin with their sharp eyes and quick fingers found every piece of gold, no matter how small and soon they were all rich beyond their wildest dreams. They enjoyed each other's company so much that they stayed together in the wilderness and only went to town for provisions. As far as I know they still live there.

Oh – and by the way, Gary took Colin by surprise one morning when the boy was washing himself, just to satisfy his curiosity. That made Colin appreciate their brotherly love even more and strengthened the fraternal bond between them that much further.

THE END

*Next time "DIRTY SHOES"... ...*

# DIRTY SHOES
## Chapter I

There once was an exclusive boarding school for boys and its pupils came from the best families in the country. Its traditions went back for several centuries and many boys had fathers and grandfathers who had studied there as well. Its reputation was spotless and was highly regarded by everybody. The boys lived in dormitories, twelve in each, and they were served by an old servant called Mr. Hanley. Every night the students left their shoes outside their rooms and found them cleaned and polished by Mr. Hanley in the morning.

One day Mr. Hanley told the Headmaster about some peculiar incidents. Mr. Hanley had polished the shoes of the boys living in a certain dormitory and for weeks now it had happened that during the night the shoes had mysteriously become dirty again. They looked as if somebody had walked for miles on a dirt road with them. Mr. Hanley had to clean them again and he wasn't too happy about the extra work. The boys claimed that they had slept all night and knew nothing about the strange occurrence. The Headmaster on the other hand knew Mr. Hanley very well and he had no reason to doubt his words. He suspected some kind of practical joke and he wanted to catch the culprits red-handed.

The school had a winning cricket team and its coach was a brawny ex-army officer, Fred Gibson, who was trim and fit as a fiddle. He got along with the boys very well and the Headmaster ordered him to find out what was going on in that dormitory. When Fred took a chair and sat down in the corridor, the boys brought him a cup of tea to help him stay awake all night.

Fred was a virile man in his prime and he had no doubts about his ability to stay awake as long as needed, but to his dismay he fell asleep during the night and when he woke up in the morning the shoes were just as dirty as Mr. Hanley had said they would be. Fred was embarrassed when he told the Headmaster what had happened and asked his permission to try again. This time he would stay awake no matter what.

One afternoon the boys of that dormitory had played soccer under his guidance. When the game ended they all rushed into the shower.

Among them was Kenneth Weymouth, the son of Lord Weymouth. He was a beautiful boy and Fred was a seasoned cocksman. Fred had great difficulty in keeping his eyes off Kenneth's nicely curved smooth butt and the boy was clearly aware of his attraction. Fred had a feeling that Kenneth had a crush on him. He seemed to look at him just a little bit too long and used all kinds of excuses to touch him. Kenneth often met him accidentally on purpose in all kinds of places and gave him a radiant smile. Fred was flattered by his attention and it tickled his crotch, but there was no way he could have shown any serious interest in Kenneth.

For some reason, that day Kenneth remained in the shower long after all the others had left. Fred went into the shower room to hurry him up, but he was stunned when he saw the boy standing under the running water and fondling his nude body most suggestively. Fred got an instant erection by the sight of Kenneth's wet buttocks.

"Time to get out, Weymouth," Fred said with a suppressed voice and gave the boy a towel. Kenneth obeyed, but he pretended to drop the towel and made sure that Fred saw his beautiful buns when he picked it up. As soon as Kenneth had left, Fred stripped off his clothes and had a shower too. His big erect cock was throbbing rock-hard and refused to lower its bold head. While Fred washed his hair, he suddenly felt a hand grab his erect cock and a hot mouth swallow its big bloated head. "What the Dickens are you doing, Weymouth? Let go of my cock this instant or you will be in big trouble," Fred said, but he didn't try to stop the boy.

The hand fondled his big balls and his turgid cock was sucked deeper into the hot mouth. "O.K., Weymouth. I'm going to wash my hair now, but by the time I'm finished, you'd better have vanished. If I don't see you, I won't have to report on you, you little Devil. Is that clear?" Fred asked, but there was no answer. The hot mouth around Fred's cock tightened and sucked his massive member ravenously. The fear of getting caught in the middle of an indecent act and the powerful suction of Kenneth's lusty mouth made Fred lose all control very fast. With shaky legs he shot his load into Kenneth's hungry mouth and felt his hands kneading his strong buttocks while the lusty boy licked the last drops of Fred's thick creamy cum.

"Thank you, Sir. I really needed that," he heard a whispery voice say and then the boy was gone.

Fred was happy that nobody had seen them, but he was infuriated by Kenneth's behavior. The boy acted as if nothing had happened between them and of course Fred had to remain silent and endure his constant flirting. Fred was also sure that the boys had played a trick on him that night in the dormitory.

Otherwise it couldn't be possible that an experienced soldier like Fred would fall asleep on duty. He had a faint recollection of a bitter taste in his tea, but he didn't want to alarm the boys. He therefore put a sponge inside his collar when he went into the dorm that night and took his seat in the corridor. When Mr. Hanley was finished with the shoes, the boys brought them tea like the night before.

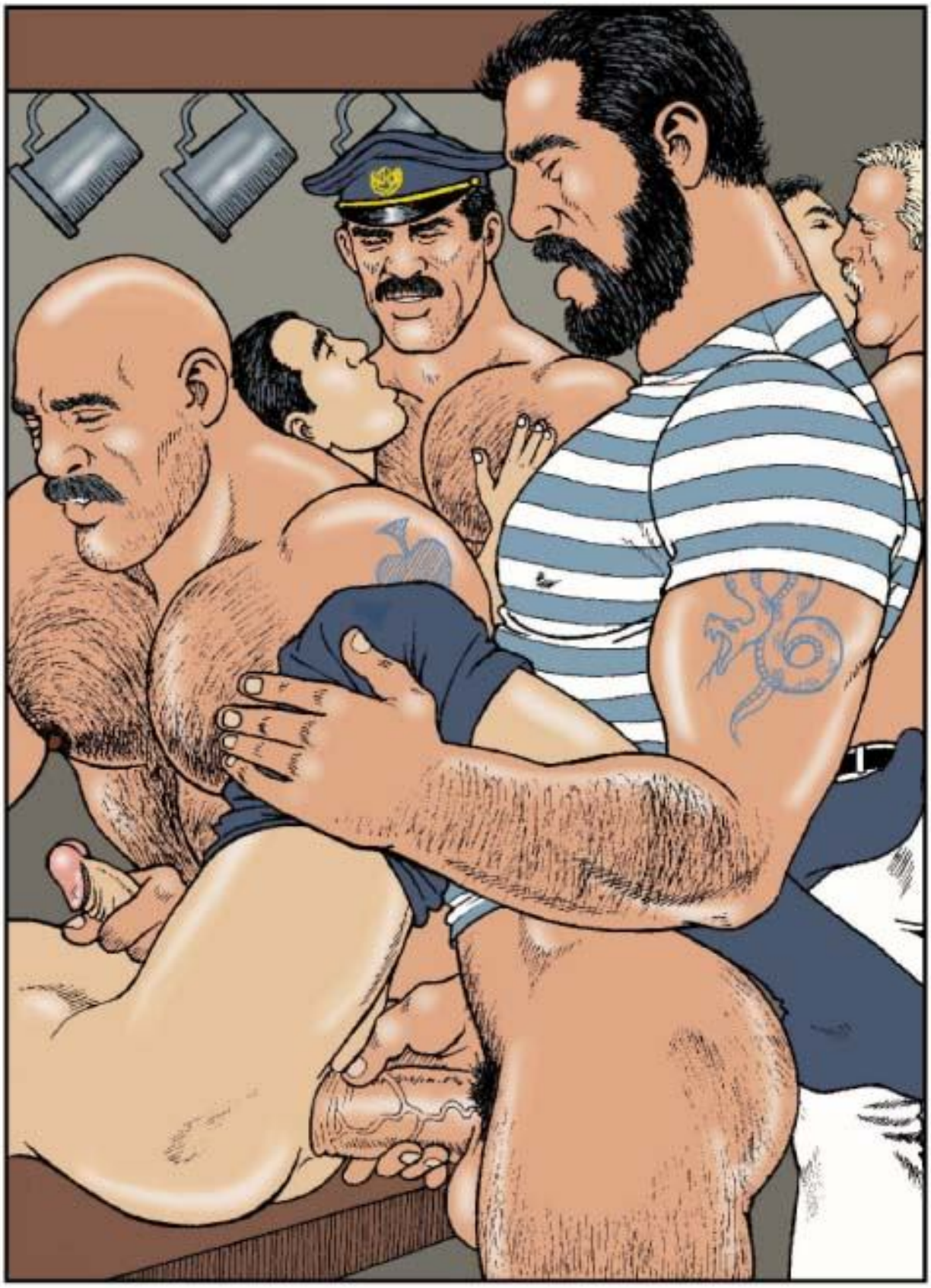
Although Fred appeared to be drinking, he let the tea flow along his chin to be absorbed by the sponge. When Mr. Hanley had left, Fred pretended to fall asleep, but in the dimly lit corridor he could keep an eye on everything that happened. He didn't have to wait long before the door opened and a boy peeked out into the corridor. "He's sleeping," the boy whispered loudly and soon all the boys were out. They were fully dressed and after putting their shoes on they were ready to go.

They rushed out and following the unsuspecting boys was an easy task for Fred. They headed towards a small town, two miles from the school. It was a coastal town and despite its smallness there was a busy harbor and numerous noisy inns for seamen on the waterfront. The boys rushed into one of these taverns and through a stained window Fred could see what happened inside.

To his amazement the rugged seamen greeted the boys with great uproar and hugged and kissed them quite unabashedly. Fred realized that the boys had been there before and the kisses were more like French kisses and the fondlings were very intimate indeed. The boys didn't resist that kind of familiarity, on the contrary. They fondled the men's bulging crotches quite willingly and here and there Fred could see seasoned mariners with their hefty cocks fully exposed for the smooth hands of the lusty boys.

Every now and then one of the boys disappeared into the private rooms upstairs under the arm of a drunken mariner. Fred knew only too well what happened in the cumsoaked small rooms and his cock turned rock-hard again. The mariners bought drinks for the boys and in one corner Fred saw a gangbang in progress. Fred couldn't do anything without exposing himself and any intervention would be a scandal that the school had to avoid at any price.

Fred could only watch helplessly as the boys fooled around with the rugged seamen and let them use their bodies for their pleasure. It was almost closing time when Fred finally returned to the dormitory and took his seat in the corridor. A half-an-hour later the boys returned and giggling and joking about their husky lovers they sneaked back into the dorm leaving their dirty shoes outside.



Fred didn't know what to do. He had to give the Headmaster some kind of explanation, but Fred couldn't tell him what had really happened. Apart from the school's reputation, he had to think about the boy's parents too. They would hardly be delighted to hear that their sons had willingly offered their butts to those horny sailors in search of depraved pleasures. Although most of the seamen were foreigners, something had to be done quickly before the rumors started to circulate. Finally he decided to improvise. Fred told the Headmaster that the boys had actually trained late at night to get into the school's illustrious cricket team. They were too busy with their lessons during the day and, besides, they didn't want the others to know about it. "They have worked hard to achieve their goal, but it would be better if somebody gave them proper training. I might take them to the moors over a few week-ends," Fred said.

The cricket team was the pride of the Headmaster and he accepted Fred's plan right away. "That's a brilliant idea," he said satisfied that the mystery was solved.

That night Fred took his seat outside the dorm as usual. After Mr. Hanley had taken care of his duties and left, Fred went into the dorm and found the boys snug in their beds pretending to sleep. "You can get out of your beds now, boys. I know all about your tricks," he said and one by one the boys got up. They were all fully clothed and extremely embarrassed. "Well, I must say that I'm very disappointed with you. You ought to have considered the reputation of this school, and indeed that of your own, when you planned your youthful quest for sexual pleasures. While it might have looked like a brilliant idea to ease your pressures with the foreign seamen whom you might never see again, you should have known that sooner or later you would get caught. I had to lie to the Headmaster about your activities. I told him that you have trained to get into the cricket team and I promised to take care of your training personally. I'm going to take you all on a hiking trip on the moors next week-end. You will all participate unless you want to get into some real trouble. From now on you will stay in your beds every night. No more fooling around with the mariners or with anybody else for that matter. Is this understood?" Fred asked. The boys nodded their heads and said, "Yes, Sir." Fred turned on his heels and walked out leaving the embarrassed boys on their own.

For the next couple of days Fred was busy arranging the hiking trip, but Mr. Hanley told him that from then on the shoes remained polished just as he had left them. Fred called his army friends and got a lot of help with the stuff he needed. Finally, on Saturday morning the boys gathered in the courtyard to receive their backpacks and other equipment. Fred saw that all twelve were there as ordered and soon they were walking in Indian file across the fields.

It was a gloomy autumn day. The clouds were hanging low and there were signs of coming rain in the air. The boys were not in the happiest of moods, but they followed Fred without too many complaints. When they arrived at the moors, Fred gave them a real hard time to keep up with him at his pace. Among the flowering heather there were a lot of tracks crisscrossing each other and the undulating ground looked exactly the same in every direction. It was easy to get lost there and the boys had to follow Fred as quickly as they could despite their heavy backpacks. In spite of the chilly weather the boys were soon sweaty and out of breath, but they marched forward with great determination. They understood that they had no choice, but to do their best under the circumstances.

Then Kenneth stepped into a rabbit hole and sprained his ankle. He fell on the ground and all the other boys gathered around him. "O.K. boys. I'll take care of him," Fred said and kneeled down to look at Kenneth's ankle. It was easy to see that he had really hurt himself and Fred rose up calling one of the boys. "Here's a map for you, Spencer. It's better that you take the rest of the boys to the camp which is here," Fred said pointing at a spot he had circled on the map. It's less than two miles in that direction. It's easy to find and you can't miss it, but you must stay together. There is a pile of firewood covered with a tarpaulin and a few canisters of drinking water. It's getting cold and it's better if you wait us by a campfire. I'll take care of Weymouth," Fred said and took off his windbreaker. He put it on the ground and lifted Kenneth on top of it. He supported Kenneth with his backpack and cautiously removed his shoe. He studied Kenneth's ankle with sensitive fingers and told him that the bones appeared to be intact while the boy sucked air in through his clenched teeth out of pain.

Fred took a firm hold on Kenneth's foot and suddenly pulled his heel with brutal force. Kenneth screamed in excruciating pain, but it soon turned into an incessant moaning and after a while stopped abruptly. He gazed at Fred in awe. "It doesn't hurt anymore, Sir. How did you do it, Sir?" Kenneth asked. "Oh, that's nothing. Your ankle is in order, but you have to be careful with it. It needs a bit of rest," Fred said and lifted Kenneth's leg on his lap. With skillful hands Fred massaged Kenneth's leg, but when his hands reached the boy's thigh, Fred realized that Kenneth had a hard-on. Fred's own cock reacted instantly and sporting a rock-hard erection he let his hands glide further up on Kenneth's smooth leg. "Would you like to fuck me, Sir?" Kenneth asked with a suppressed voice and without looking at Fred. He placed Fred's hand on his bulging crotch and the sly little rascal opened his fly. Fred's hand touched Kenneth's exposed cock and his own hard-on quickly turned into a monstrous blueveiner. An erect cock has no conscience and with blazing eyes Fred pulled Kenneth's shorts off.

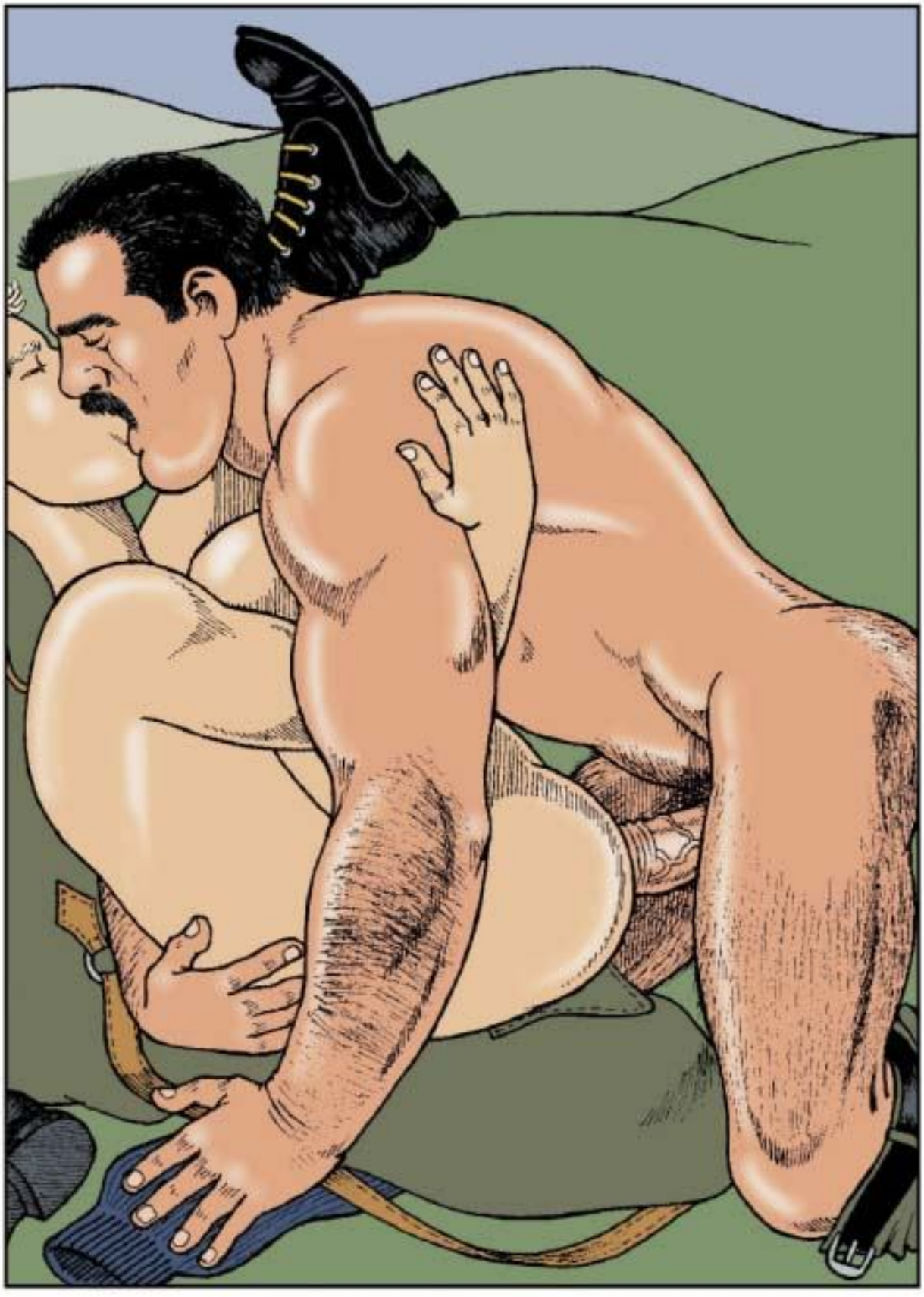
He then tore Kenneth's shirt open and on his knees he gazed at Kenneth's nude body with hungry eyes. Fred pulled off his sweater and unbuttoned his shorts. While yanking them down to his knees Fred heard Kenneth draw air through his teeth when Fred's massive cock came into sight in its full glory.

"What's the matter? This is what you wanted, isn't it?" he said and opened Kenneth's legs wide. When he saw the boy's pink pucker fully exposed, it was Fred's turn to suck air through his teeth. Looking haggard and wild-eyed he rubbed the hefty head of his rigid rod against Kenneth's tight pucker and with a vigorous thrust he forced it inside the heavily heaving boy. As their bare bodies touched, Fred pulled Kenneth closer and his big beefy cock plunged deeper inside the trembling boy. The impaled boy wriggled in Fred's strong embrace and moaned incessantly when he forced his cock inside Kenneth to the hilt.

When Fred started to move his massive cock back and forth inside Kenneth's tight chute he was crazy with desire. He had wanted this boy for so long time and to be finally able to penetrate his hot ass was a reward that he would utilize fully. Forcefully he rammed Kenneth's wonderful ass with his big virile cock while holding the ecstatic boy in a tight hug. Kenneth had closed his eyes and his rosy tongue protruded between his lips as he tossed against the backpack when Fred fucked him with fierce energy. Kenneth's intense moaning turned into a loud howling and his body spasmed violently when a shattering orgasm hit his body. His strong sphincter milked Fred's inflamed cock so deliciously that he soon shot his load and collapsed on top of the euphoric boy.

"That was great, Sir. I had no idea that you have such a wonderful cock, Sir," Kenneth said when he was able to speak again. "Is that so? Why haven't you come back for more then after you sucked my cock in the shower room?" Fred asked. "I don't know what you are talking about, Sir," Kenneth said. "I haven't seen your cock ever before, much less sucked it. You can trust me, Sir, a cock like yours isn't easy to forget," Kenneth said and looked at Fred with curious eyes. It was plain to see that Kenneth was serious. "Do you remember when I came after you into the shower room a few weeks ago and gave you a towel?" Fred asked. "Yes, Sir," Kenneth answered. "Are you trying to say that you didn't come back later and give me a blow job while I was in the shower?" Fred asked.

"Yes, Sir. That's what I'm saying. I left the locker room and I didn't come back. Why, Sir? Did somebody suck you off in the shower room?" Kenneth asked.



"Never mind," Fred said and buttoned his shorts. "We'd better get going. It's getting dark and the others are waiting for us," Fred said and helped Kenneth put his clothes on. "How's your ankle?" Fred asked. "It's all right, Sir," Kenneth answered and leaned on Fred. "Look, Weymouth. You are a wonderful boy and I don't regret that I fucked you, but I would appreciate it if you would keep all that happened here strictly to yourself," Fred said and gave the boy a long kiss. "Aye, Sir. You can trust me," Kenneth said and kissed Fred in return.

TO BE CONTINUED ... ... ...

# DIRTY SHOES
# Chapter II

When Spencer and the other boys arrived at the campsite they saw three big army tents and a bunch of big sturdy men sitting by the campfire waiting for them. One of them stood up and said, "You must be Fred's boys. My name is Drummond and this is my team. We are here to teach you to play cricket. Put your backpacks into the tents and join us here. We are going to have tea and sandwiches shortly."

The boys were tired and hungry after the long march and didn't have to be told twice. When they sat down by the fire, the men made room for them and the boys noticed that there were eleven men there - just the number needed for a cricket team. The men were jovial and helpful. While they served the boys tea and sandwiches, the boys gazed at their new companions. They were all husky mature men in their prime wearing army shorts and heavy hiking boots. The boys couldn't avoid noticing the visible signs of their masculinity: the bulging crotches and firmly curved buttocks. They all had manly features and trim muscular bodies. Some of them were hairy, some were not, but they all made the hearts of those lusty boys beat faster.

Spencer was sitting between two hunky studs: Hugh Sawyer who was a game keeper and William Oakley, a farmer. Right from the start Spencer was very aware of Hugh's presence. The man was a dream come true and when Hugh's furry leg touched his bare thigh, Spencer was on cloud nine. When - during the course of conversation - Hugh casually put his arm around Spencer's shoulders, the boy blushed out of sheer excitement. "Are you cold?" Hugh asked, picking up a bottle of whisky from his backpack. "Here, let me put a drop of this into your tea. It'll make you feel nice and warm," Hugh said, pouring a little whisky into Spencer's cup.

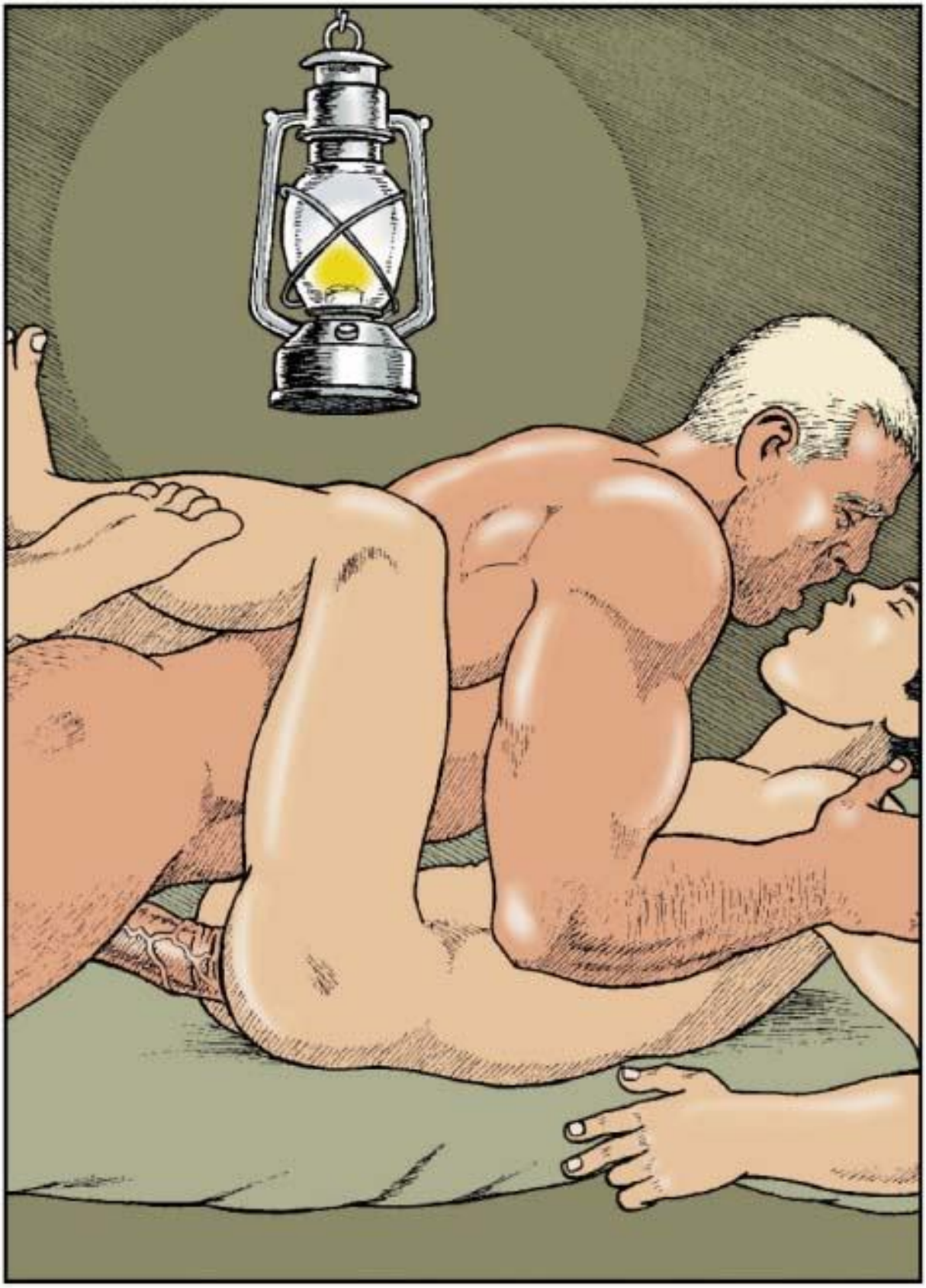
"Anybody else feeling cold, eh?" Hugh asked and then passed the bottle to William. When Spencer took a sip of his tea, he could have sworn that he felt Hugh's big hand briefly on his butt and when he pulled Spencer tighter under his arm, Spencer felt how his cock turned stiff. Hugh took Spencer's hand and guided it to his bulging crotch.

"Do you play other games with men, too?" Hugh whispered into his ear and the boy could feel that Hugh's big fat rock-hard cock. "I .. I don't know what you mean, Sir," Spencer said and blushed. "I'm talking about night-time baseball. You know, the old "in-and-out" game, boy. You can feel that I've got a sturdy bat and big balls for it," Hugh whispered and pressed Spencer's sweaty hand tighter to his big bulging crotch making the horny boy feel the hardness of his robust rod.

"You are a nice boy, Spencer, and I want to play with you. Do you want to play with me?" Hugh whispered and gently licked Spencer's earlobe. Startled by Hugh's lusty advances, Spencer looked around, but nobody was paying any attention to them. The physical closeness of Hugh and his big rock-hard cock had mesmerized Spencer and for a while he forgot everything else. To his relief every boy around the campfire seemed to be busy with an amorous tutor of his own and some of them were already kissing and hugging quite openly. When Hugh rose to his feet and said to him, "Let's go," Spencer followed him obediently. Hugh escorted him inside one of the tents and closed the flap door behind them. He then pulled off his sweater and peeled off his shorts. In the light of a lantern Spencer could see that not only was his beau trim and beautifully built, but he was also fabulously endowed. With only his heavy hiking boots on, Hugh was a fantastic sight and Spencer's mouth was suddenly dry out of sheer excitement.

"Come on, boy. Is watching me all you want to do?" Hugh said and pulled Spencer in his strong arms. "Let's see what we've got here," Hugh said and removed Spencer's clothes one by one. With his big hands he caressed Spencer's nude body and tweaked his erect nipples. He then stretched the breathless boy on the ground and gulped his rigid cock into his hot, wet mouth. Spencer trembled in heat when Hugh sucked his inflamed dick. "I can smell the want in you, boy. You want to get fucked. You want a man's big sturdy cock up in your rosy ass, don't you?" Hugh said in a hoarse voice and thrust his big finger inside Spencer's quivering butt. "Don't you?" Hugh asked again and grazed Spencer's prostate with his finger. The horny boy trembled in Hugh's embrace and moaned loudly. "Oh, yes, Sir. Oh, please, Sir. I want you to fuck me, Sir," Spencer said and licking his dry lips he turned his head from side to side. Hugh pulled out his finger and Spencer gave a sigh of relief a bit too early. Hugh then opened Spencer's legs wide and with one vigorous thrust he shoved the bloated head of his massive cock inside the boy. Spencer sobbed and whined when Hugh's rock-hard cock forced his tight sphincter to give in and let a huge mass of throbbing mature man-meat fill his tight chute to the limit.

"I love your ass, boy. It's made to be fucked with a cock like mine," Hugh said heaving breathlessly and then he started to slowly move his big cock back and forth in Spencer's hot tunnel.



Spencer trembled and shivered in frantic lust while the hefty intruder increasingly rammed his butt with fierce energy and gusto. "Oh, yes, Sir. Please, don't stop, Sir. It feels so good, Sir," Spencer sobbed with shivering lips and buried his nails into Hugh's massive shoulders.

Hugh didn't need to be spurred on. His inflamed cock pounded the boy's butt with fast increasing frenzy. Every vigorous fuck stroke grazed Spencer's prostate and brought Hugh's throbbing cock nearly to the point of cumming - but then his hairy ass stopped flexing and relaxing altogether. As he arched his broad back and clenched his strong buttocks, Hugh struggled against cumming. But Spencer's ecstatic moans as a stunning orgasm overtook his young body was too much for him, and with a deep-chested groan he shot his load and his hot creamy cum gushed inside the trembling boy.

At that moment, Kenneth and Fred arrived at the camp and were greeted with great enthusiasm. One of the men was a doctor and he took Kenneth aside to look at his ankle while Fred was served tea and sandwiches. Sitting by the fire Fred saw right away that his plan had worked. He knew that it was a waste of time to fight against the juvenile quest for sex once their lust was provoked. It was far better to provide the boys with less conspicuous circumstances than seedy inns for releasing their sexual energy safely and in reliable company.

Fred was an ex-army man and his best friends had belonged to the same unit. They were all notorious cocksmen and Fred knew that they would be only too happy to help him with his problem. Fred was sure that if the boys got their sexual needs satisfied while doing something worthwhile, they were less prone to tomfoolery in public. So Fred had called some of his friends and told them what he had in mind. A weekend on the moors with lusty young companions attracted these guys tremendously and he had no difficulties in getting his volunteers. When Fred looked around him, he saw only happy faces and he knew he had picked the right men for the job. He noticed that the tents were already in heavy use and some boys were even having their exhaust pipes cleaned right out in the open. Fred saw Ed Williams massaging Kenneth's ankle and noticed that the horny boy was rubbing Ed's bulging crotch with his heel. The way they looked at each other left nothing to be guessed about their intentions.

"Do you mind if I sit here, Sir?" a voice said and as Fred turned to look, he saw Clive Marston, the son of Sir Edmund Marston, looking at him. "No, I don't mind at all, Marston," he said. "It's a great party, Sir," Clive said and looked at Fred. "Yes, it is, Marston. Have you enjoyed yourself?" Fred asked staring into the dancing flames of the campfire.

"Yes, I have, but not as much as I enjoyed sucking your cock in the shower room," Clive said quietly. Fred turned his head and looked at Clive in astonishment. "Was that you, Marston?" he said. "Yes, Sir," Clive said looking at his feet. "I hope you aren't angry with me, Sir, but you only seemed to have eyes for Weymouth and I couldn't resist the temptation when I saw you naked in the shower and your wonderful cock fully erect," Clive said.

It was true. Fred hadn't paid much attention to Clive. The boy was nice looking, but strictly assembly line. Boys like Clive were a dime a dozen. He had a nice face and a nice body, but there was nothing particularly distinctive about him. He had nice manners and was very softspoken. It was easy to pass by him unnoticed among the others who tried to get his attention all the time. Fred looked at him curiously and to his amazement he began to see Clive in a different light. It's difficult to say how much his judgment was affected by the wonderful blow-job Clive had given him, but it was as if Fred had seen the boy clearly for the very first time.. as if he had picked up a nice piece of glass and on closer inspection had noticed that it wasn't glass at all. The same kind of sudden excitement filled Fred and he couldn't take his eyes off this fascinating boy.

"I know that I shouldn't have done it, but I hope you can forgive my stupidity," Clive said and looked at Fred shyly. "What are you talking about, Marston? Do you mean that you regret sucking my cock?" Fred asked pulling the boy under his arm. "No, Sir. I can't say that I do, but I should have told you it was me," Clive said and blushed. "Well, Marston. As you must have noticed I enjoyed every second of it. Why didn't you come back for more?" Fred asked and kissed Clive's forehead. "I was ashamed. I've had the hots for you as long as I can remember, but you only seemed to notice Kenneth. When I saw him coming out of the locker room haphazardly dressed and found you naked in the shower, I couldn't think clearly. When you then called me Weymouth I knew that I could get away with it. I guess I made a fool of myself and I hope you can forgive me, Sir," Clive said looking at his feet. Fred pulled the boy into his arms and Clive looked at him in surprise. Funny that he had never noticed how brilliantly blue Clive's eyes were.

Fred looked at Clive's half-open lips and got a sudden urge to kiss him. Clive's mouth tasted fresh like a mountain brook and his slippery tongue fondled Fred's lusty tongue playfully. Suddenly Fred's big cock was rock-hard and the blood rushed in his veins faster and faster. "I want to fuck you. Oh boy, how I want to fuck you," Fred muttered as he ate Clive's face ravenously. He shoved his big hands inside Clive's pants and stroked his smooth buns.

"Do you want to fuck with me?" Fred asked when his hand found Clive's erect cock. Clive was unable to say anything while Fred's big hand encircled his dick, but he buried his face under Fred's stubbly chin and held him in a tight hug. Fred lifted Clive to his feet when he saw Hugh and Spencer coming out from one of the tents. He led the boy in and closed the flap door as a sign for privacy. Fred then pulled off his sweater and stripped off his shorts while Clive gazed at him in deep devotion. "What's the matter? Don't you want to fuck with me?" Fred asked when he noticed that Clive hadn't taken off his clothes. Clive wrapped his arms around Fred's furry legs and buried his face into his bushy crotch. He kissed and licked Fred's jutting cock and his big balls with his hot mouth and Fred's sturdy cock turned into a real monster. Fred kneeled down and began to tear off Clive's clothes. He noticed that the boy was anxious and tense. "Relax, Marston. This won't hurt you," Fred said pointing at his rock-hard cock.

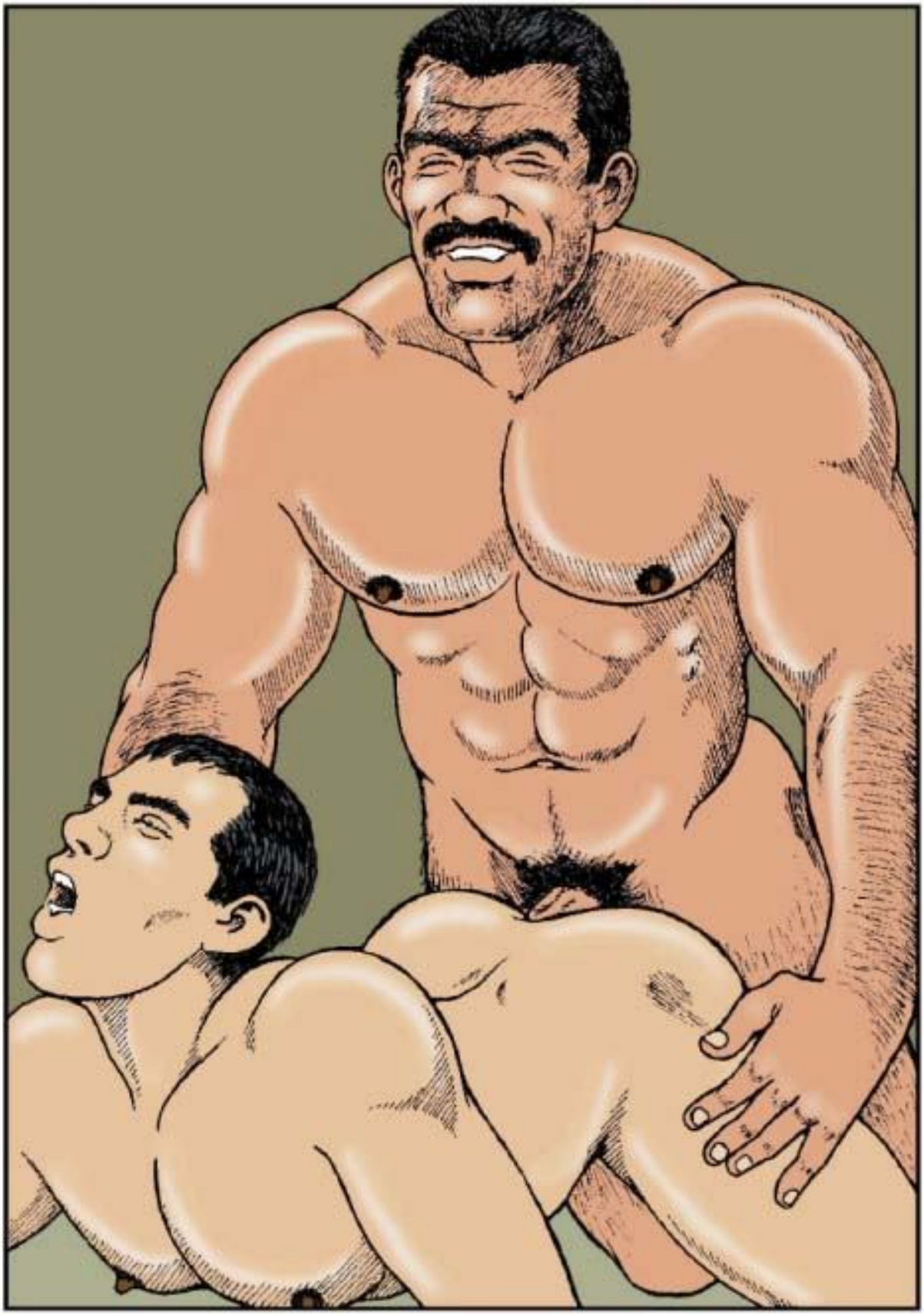
"But, Sir, I've never been with a man like that," Clive said deeply embarrassed. "What are you talking about? I've seen with my own eyes how you young rascals have chased big rugged seamen in those seedy taverns and now you tell me that none of those sturdy assmen has managed to bust your cherry?" Fred said. "Yes, Sir. I've given them blow-jobs, but I've never let them fuck my butt. Don't get me wrong, Sir. I want to please you, but I don't rightly know how," Clive said embarrassed and looking down.

"Don't worry, boy. Just do what I tell you and everything will be just fine," Fred said and pulled the nude boy in his arms. He was sure the boy was lying and after a long soothing kiss he stretched Clive out on the ground opening his legs wide. Clive's pink pucker was right in front of him and Fred bowed down to give it a kiss. His big wet tongue massaged the boy's magic bud and his stubbly chin rubbed Clive's furrow. The boy started to moan lightly and his body trembled in excitement. Fred then pressed the hot head of his massive cock against Clive's spit-lubed pucker and eased it inside the heaving boy. "Now, this might hurt a bit at first, boy, but try to relax and it will soon be over. Once I'm fully in, you'll do anything to keep me there," Fred said and holding the boy in an iron grip, he forced his throbbing cock inside Clive to the hilt. Panting, Clive bit his lip and tiny drops of sweat appeared on his forehead, but to Fred's surprise not a sound escaped from his lips while Fred's robust rod filled his cavity. Clive's whole body trembled and shivered in violent emotion while Fred's beefy pole penetrated his tight chute. He had wanted Fred for a long time and there was not enough pain in the world to stop him from getting what he wanted.

When Fred's solid cock finally began to move inside him, Clive was in ecstasy. Every vigorous thrust of Fred's virile cock hit right home to Clive's pleasure point and he lifted his legs akimbo on Fred's broad back opening his smooth butt fully to his horny lover. The excitement in him turned tenser and denser as he wriggled in Fred's strong arms like in a trance. Fred saw the panic in Clive's eyes, but the ecstatic boy glued his body against Fred when he reached climax and a stunning orgasm hit him with its full force. Clive spasmed in Fred's embrace when the tension inside him exploded into pieces and an intense feeling of utter enjoyment filled every pore in his body. Clive's strong sphincter milked the magic tool that had so quickly changed his life and forced Fred to shoot his load. When he collapsed on top of Clive, the euphoric boy held him in a tight hug and he kissed Fred's sweaty face incessantly. Curiously Clive's hands studied Fred's nude body like a blind man studies an unknown object. Fred could feel Clive's hands fondling his strong buttocks, studying his furry crack and running his fingers along his spine. His smooth legs caressed Fred's furry thighs and his hot chute tightened around Fred's flaccid cock. Fred pressed his burning face against Clive's neck and he felt how his mighty column of manhood began to stiffen again. The boy acted like Alice in Wonderland and there was no doubt in Fred's mind about his virginity anymore. He gave Clive a long kiss and the boy responded eagerly. When Clive noticed what was happening inside him, their kisses turned more and more passionate until they finally ate each other's faces in ravenous hunger and Fred's cock expanded to its extreme. It pulsated inside the euphoric boy fully cocked and ready for action.

Fred fucked Clive numerous times that night and to his surprise he didn't seem to get enough of him. The boy had charmed him completely and Fred was reluctant to let him out of his sight. It was hard for him to understand that the boy who he had hardly noticed before could become so important to him so fast. It was not only physical either, although Fred's cock reacted to Clive's presence without fail. Fred liked Clive's way of talking and his sense of humor and although it was a wild night for all of them, Fred hardly noticed that there were others around.

When he woke up in the morning and found Clive nude and in the same sleeping bag with him, Fred felt great pleasure. Clive had buried his face in Fred's furry chest and still held him in a tight hug. Fred pulled the sleeping boy closer and pressed his erect cock against Clive's smooth belly. Their embrace gradually turned into a long and enjoyable fuck session and they both moved in slow motion while the hot feelings of intense pleasure fanned their bodies.



Later that day while the men trained the boys to play cricket, Fred had an opportunity to make observations on both boys. To his surprise Fred now noticed that Kenneth looked flashy and a bit cheap compared to Clive, as if he had compared a circus horse to a race horse. It was embarrassing to see how blind he had been, but Fred was determined not to let this precious boy go out of his life, ever.

When they returned to the school, the boys were in high spirits and delighted by their fantastic adventure. During that term Fred took them regularly on these hiking trips and the boys kept their promise. Their shoes remained spotless after Mr. Hanley and they never left the dorm during the night. It wasn't easy for the young lads with hormones raging, but each weekend they got their reward: an unrestricted fuck marathon which kept them satisfied for days. The relationships between the boys and their tutors developed accordingly and soon all the boys had found their main men. The boys later played against the school team and although they didn't win, the headmaster was so delighted by their skills that he made Fred their coach and guardian. In his new position Fred supervised the dorm and it was easy for him to arrange secret nocturnal meetings of the boys and their tutors whenever needed, but above all else, Clive could spend his nights with Fred without difficulty.

The school soon became immensely popular and famous. Even you would recognize its name if I told it to you. Most of the new students were cricket enthusiasts who learned how to properly handle their balls and bats, and for that they remained eternally grateful to their alma mater.

THE END

Next month's story is *RAP ANSELMO*

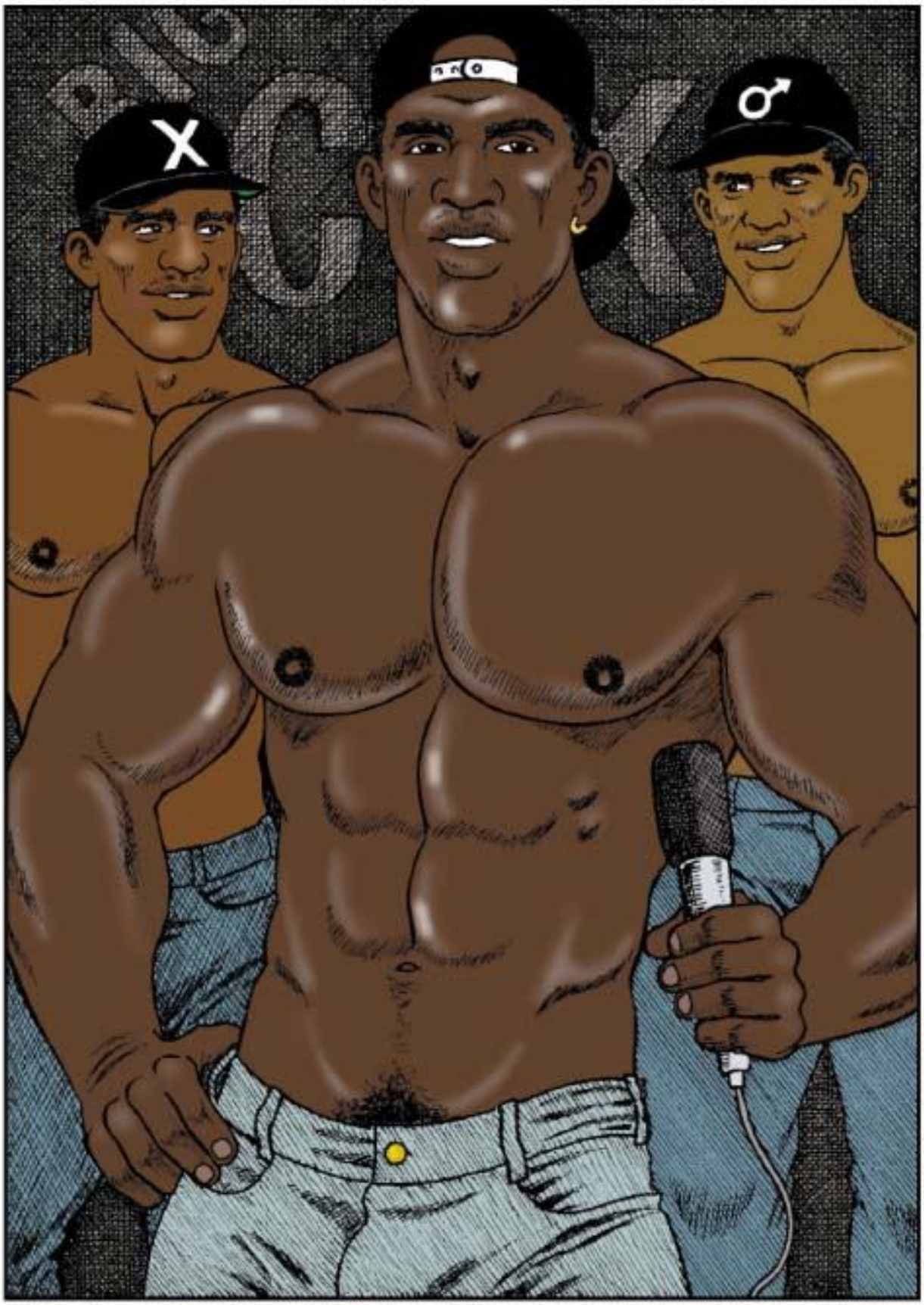
# RAP ANSELMO

Once in a big city lived a boy named Anselmo. He lived in a neighborhood which offered very few chances. Anselmo got his name because of the music he liked. In the poverty-stricken neighborhood there were not many opportunities to make music. Instruments were expensive and a proper musical education even more so.

One day Anselmo saw some black guys making music on the sidewalk and their music hit every nerve in his body. It was cool, it was hypnotic and it touched on the things he knew. The name of the band was Corny Hocks and the lead singer was a hunky guy called Chuck. He performed half-nude and his pants seemed ready to fall to his ankles any minute. He openly fondled his bulging crotch when he sang and Anselmo couldn't keep his eyes off the trail of black curly hair leading to his groin.

The seductive movement of Chuck's hips and curvy buttocks combined with the hypnotic music turned Anselmo's cock semi-hard and Chuck's rough voice made it even harder. He gazed at Chuck with unveiled adoration and when Chuck gave him the eye, Anselmo felt strange excitement growing inside him. He had never experienced anything like that. Then Chuck took a break and lit a cigarette looking at Anselmo directly into his eyes. He then squeezed his bulging crotch lightly without moving his eyes from Anselmo's eyes. Blood rushed into Anselmo's face and Chuck smiled at him. Anselmo turned around, but then he felt Chuck's hand squeezing his butt. "Wanna get a bit of cock, man?" Chuck said in a low voice. "I need a bit of ass now and you've got just what I need. How about it, buddy?" he said and pulled Anselmo closer. "Don't be shy, boy. Come see me after the show. I won't hurt you," Chuck said and walked back to the side walk.

Anselmo's mind was in total turmoil as he watched Chuck perform. Every time Chuck looked at him, Anselmo blushed and his cock turned rock-hard. He wanted the man, but at the same time he was hesitant. The reason why Anselmo hesitated to go with Chuck was that he was still technically a virgin. He worried that his inexperience might bother Chuck, but he made up his mind and when Chuck ended his show, Anselmo would be waiting for him.


X
♂

"Get into the van, baby," Chuck said as the band loaded their instruments. When they drove off, Anselmo was on the back seat with Chuck who opened his fly and pulled out a big black cock that made Anselmo gasp. "Give us a kiss, boy," Chuck whispered and pushed Anselmo's face to his crotch. Anselmo took the big hot head of Chuck's massive cock into his mouth and licked it with his slippery tongue. "Jeezus H. Christ! That feels good, baby, but don't overdo it. I don't want to cum just yet," Chuck said fondling Anselmo's neck.

The band lived in a ramshackle house on the outskirts of the city. Chuck guided Anselmo to his room and stripped off his clothes. In awe Anselmo gazed at Chuck's muscular body and his sturdy steadily erect cock. "Come on, baby. I'm waiting for you," Chuck said stretching out on his bed. With shaky hands Anselmo peeled off his clothes and climbed into the bed. "You look beautiful," Chuck said, pulling Anselmo into his arms. "This is your opening night, isn't it?" Chuck asked. Anselmo blushed and nodded his head. "Don't worry, baby. Leave it all to me. This don't look like much for a grand opening;" he said pointing at his messy room, "but I'll do my best to make it unforgettable for you, baby," Chuck said and kissed Anselmo passionately.

Chuck didn't exaggerate either. During that first night he fucked Anselmo over and over again. His hefty cock plunged inside the euphoric boy with ardent gusto and raging energy making Anselmo whine in heat. Every orgasm made the ecstatic boy more and more infatuated with his lover and when Anselmo finally had to go, he found it very difficult to leave Chuck.

At first, to Chuck Anselmo was just another ass to be fucked, but the boy's hot lust and the way he gave himself to Chuck made him different. Soon Chuck realized that although he got stunning orgasms with this boy, his hunger for his smooth body didn't diminish at all. He was ready to give Anselmo yet another shattering orgasm with his big beefy cock and see how the boy enjoyed his mighty member and responded to his vigorous fucking. Anselmo gave Chuck his phone number and address in hope that Chuck would call him. When he walked home that night, Anselmo couldn't get Chuck out of his mind, and he danced on air remembering what he had experienced with him.

Anselmo lived in an old sooty building on the wrong side of town with his daddy. It was a narrow five story house with a washhouse up on the roof. The building was slated to be demolished and all the other apartments were already empty. Anselmo's daddy was a butcher and he worked in a slaughterhouse nearby. He was a husky man with a trim muscular body and a rugged masculine face.

He kept Anselmo under strict control. When he returned home, Anselmo had to lie to his daddy that he had visited a friend on the other side of town and that he had missed the last bus.

When Anselmo woke up the next morning, Chuck was already on his mind. During the night he had had a wet dream about him and now just the thought about last night gave him a throbbing hard-on. When Anselmo's daddy went to work, the horny boy stood by the phone eagerly waiting for Chuck's call. He didn't want to miss that and therefore he didn't go to school at all. When Chuck finally called it was already late afternoon and Anselmo had suffered the torments of hell waiting for it. "Hi, baby. Wanna go to the movies?" Chuck asked and promised to pick Anselmo up in half an hour.

When Chuck arrived, they both knew that they weren't going to see any movie that day. They were in each other's arms instantly and pressed their throbbing cocks against one another in fervent lust. Anselmo guided Chuck to his room and tore off his clothes in a hurry. When Chuck's sturdy cock penetrated Anselmo's ass again, the boy trembled and shivered all over. He wrapped his arms around Chuck's strong neck and ran his hands through his crinkly hair. His strong sphincter squeezed Chuck's thick cock and stroked its rock-hard shaft when Chuck began to fuck him. Anselmo kept uttering sounds of extreme enjoyment while Chuck's big fat cock rammed his butt and when they approached climax, Anselmo's intense moans turned to a loud howling.

Chuck held him in a tight hug and forced his solid cock as deep inside the wailing boy as he possibly could. Their intense moaning and groaning reached a boisterous crescendo when Chuck's strong buttocks began to tremble and he emptied his massive cock inside the euphoric boy. Breathless, they laid in each other's arms and Anselmo held Chuck in a tight hug as if fearing that he might disappear. He milked Chuck's still erect cock with his strong sphincter and it was soon apparent that Chuck wasn't through with him yet. Chuck's cock turned hard again and slowly he started to fuck Anselmo again. His strong black ass clenched and relaxed to the rhythm of his strengthening thrusts and soon they were tossing and turning feverishly in each other's embrace driven by their irresistible natural instincts.

Then the door suddenly opened and Anselmo's daddy came in. "What the hell are you doing?" he asked in fury. "And who the hell is this?" he bellowed, pulling Chuck out of the bed. "Get your black ass out of here or I swear I'll kill you," he yelled and threw Chuck's clothes at him. Anselmo's daddy was a big beefy man and Chuck was only too happy to get out of his reach.

"So this is what you are doing while I'm at work. Peddling your ass to these neighborhood punks might be all you want in life, but I'm sure to make you think again. Turn around, you little slut," he shouted and unbuckled his pants.

Obediently Anselmo turned around and waited for what was coming to him when he heard the bed creak under the weight of his daddy. The sight of a big black cock buried deep inside his son had aroused Anselmo's daddy and his cock was fully erect and fierce-looking when he shoved its big bloated head between Anselmo's buttocks. When instead of the buckle of his daddy's belt, Anselmo felt his hefty cock on his buttocks, the alarmed boy tried to turn around, but his daddy forced him to stay where he was. "This is what you want, isn't it? I guess you would rather have that big black cock inside you, but let me assure you that my cock is even bigger. You better get used to a man's cock, boy, if you want to make a living with your ass. You can't expect to earn money by fucking the boys only. A big white cock feels exactly the same and it brings food to the table," Anselmo's Daddy flashed in anger.

Biting his pillow, Anselmo tried to endure his daddy's huge cock penetrating his smooth ass. Its hefty knob forced Anselmo's sphincter to give in and without easing any pressure his daddy tried to force the rest of his cock inside his son too. "Oh, please. Don't do this to me, Daddy," Anselmo begged, but his daddy didn't stop. With fierce thrusts he forced his massive cock inside his son to the last inch. "Stop squirming and whining, boy. If you think that you are old enough to wriggle your tail for those guys, then you are old enough to endure the consequences. You'd better get used to my cock because I won't let you fuck around with those other guys. From now on my cock is the only cock you're gonna get," he growled and started to fuck his trembling son.

The first fierce fuck strokes made Anselmo moan in agony. His daddy's massive cock filled his chute completely and it felt as if it grew bigger and harder all the time. When he moved his huge cock back and forth inside Anselmo, it felt as if he were poking Anselmo's guts with its big burning head. Anselmo was mortally afraid and he bit his pillow hoping that it would soon be over.

In time it was over, but when his daddy stood up and buckled his pants,
Anselmo knew that his nightmare had only begun. His daddy had blasted a huge load of hot cum into his aching butt and although he seemed to enjoy the tightness of Anselmo's tunnel of love, he fucked his son like the cheapest whore.

"Put on your clothes and make a roll of your bedclothes. You are moving into your own whorehouse," his daddy said. He then escorted Anselmo to the roof and opened the door of the old washhouse. "This is going to be your new home and you will stay here as long as I say." The washhouse was right above their apartment and its only window was just over the balcony leading to his daddy's bedroom. Sitting on top of his bedroll, Anselmo watched as his daddy brought in a rope ladder and fixed it to the window.

"When I call you, boy, you'll lower this ladder out of the window and pull it back in after I have left. I'm going to be the only visitor to this whorehouse and it's useless to even try to escape. The ladder is just long enough to reach the balcony, but from there you won't get anywhere," Anselmo's daddy said and left his son alone. Anselmo heard him nail the door shut and then everything was silent. Anselmo peeked out of the window and saw that his daddy was right. There was no way he could escape from there. The door was closed so firmly that it didn't give in a bit.

So started Anselmo's life in captivity. Each day his daddy brought him food and checked that everything was in order. Whenever he felt like it, he forced Anselmo to have sex with him and that happened quite frequently. As a matter of fact it was so often that he hardly had sex with anybody else other than his son. Anselmo had no choice. He had to submit to his daddy's will. In his solitude, Anselmo began to make up lyrics for rap songs. He sat by the window and sang his songs and his composing skills developed fast.

After he was caught red-handed, Chuck escaped as fast as he could from the scene, but he couldn't get Anselmo out of his head. Chuck called him several times, but there was no answer. A few times Anselmo's daddy answered the phone, but he refused to talk with Chuck. When some of his friends called that number, Anselmo's daddy claimed that his son had moved to another city. Chuck knew that if that were true, Anselmo would somehow have sent him a message. Chuck kept a close watch on Anselmo's house and he noticed that his daddy brought too much food into the house to feed only himself. He was sure that the boy was still living in there somewhere, strictly guarded.

One night his persistence was rewarded. Chuck leaned against the wall of the house in the deep shadows looking at Anselmo's windows when he saw Anselmo's daddy come out to the balcony with a basket. Suddenly a rope ladder was lowered from a shed above and Anselmo's daddy climbed up vanishing inside the shed through the window. Chuck waited for what seemed like an eternity and finally Anselmo's daddy appeared at the window and came down to the balcony again.

The ladder was pulled up again and Anselmo's daddy returned into his apartment. For several nights Chuck saw this happen and he was sure that Anselmo was kept locked in the shed up on the roof. Chuck had to see Anselmo, but how he could get up there? When Anselmo's daddy went to work, Chuck walked round the building and saw that the situation was hopeless. There were no fire escapes and the door was securely locked and bolted. The only balcony was outside of Anselmo's daddy's bedroom and it was too high up to be reached without some hard to find equipment. There were no cellar windows and the other windows were covered to prevent illegal entries. Chuck was losing his faith as he walked around the fortress-like building.
Deep in thought, Chuck turned down an alley. There were busy streets on all sides of the building, but at the back it was separated from the next house by a dark alley. It was full of trash cans and rubbish, but suddenly Chuck saw something interesting. He pushed the trash cans aside and found a metal trap door which wasn't locked. It led to a coal cellar and from there Chuck found his way to the stairs easily.

Anselmo's daddy had not bothered to lock the door leading to the roof and soon Chuck was standing outside the shed. He called to Anselmo and to his relief the boy answered his calls. It didn't take long for Chuck to remove the boards and open the door. Chuck held the sobbing boy in his arms and his cock turned erect instantly. He kissed Anselmo's tear-stained face and soothed him with his words, but he shamelessly aroused him with his quick hands. Soon they were stripping off their clothes in a great hurry.

It was Chuck's intention to have a quickie with Anselmo and then guide his lover out of the building, but they spent all afternoon fucking each other in ferocious heat. Hardly had Chuck shot his load when his virile cock lifted its bloated head again for an encore. Anselmo's hot hole squeezed his mighty muscle of love so deliciously that Chuck forgot everything else. Holding the ecstatic boy in a tight embrace, Chuck grazed his inflamed prostate with his massive cock until the boy was howling in heat. With a perfect shot he sent the boy to Nadaville and gushed gallons of cum inside him.

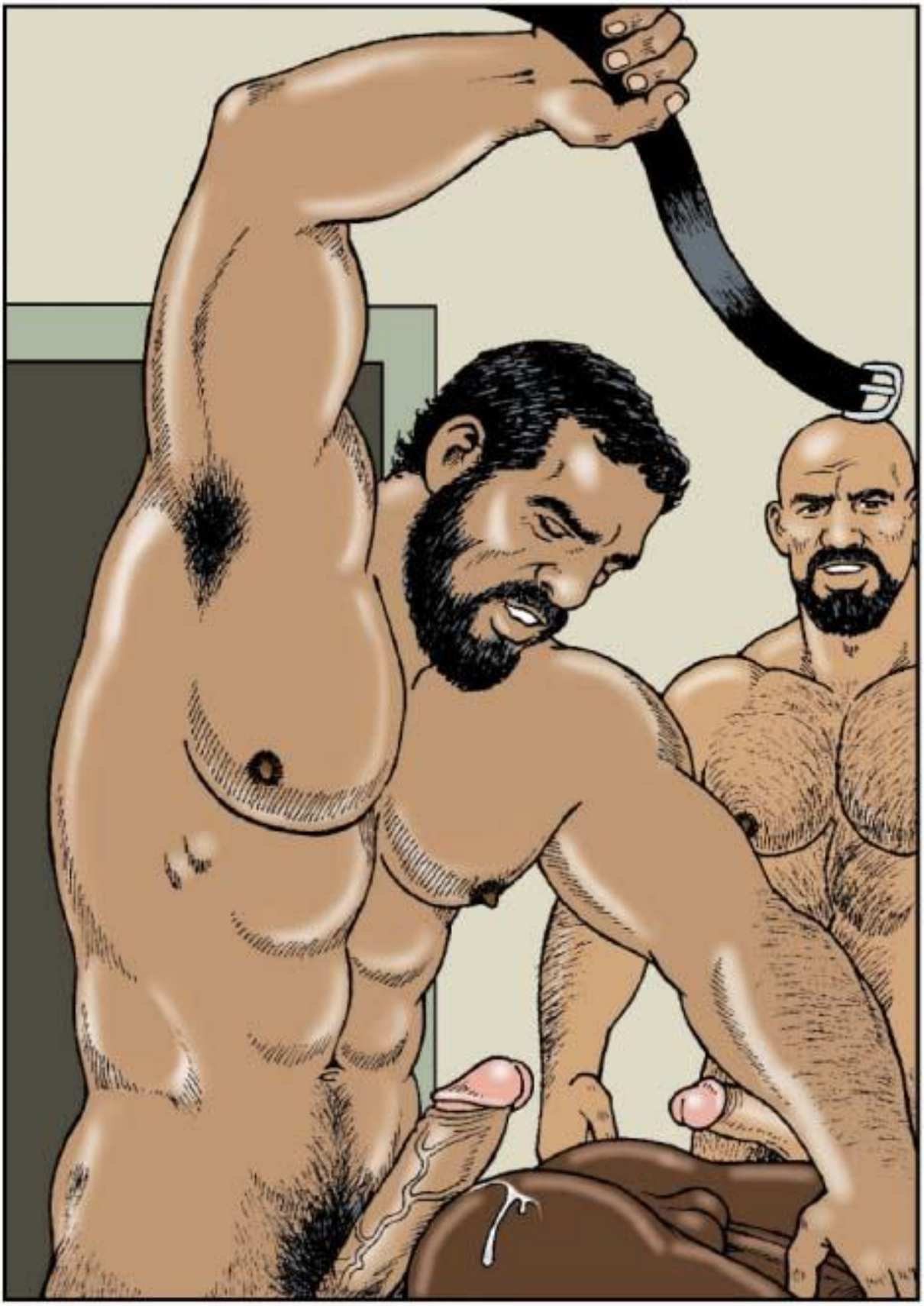
"Drop the ladder, Anselmo!" they heard a voice say and woke up instantly. They had fallen asleep after the last orgasm and it was already late when Anselmo's daddy woke them up. "What are we gonna do?" Anselmo asked in distress. "We can't escape now. You have to try and act normal and let him in. I'm leaving now, but I'll be back tomorrow and then I'll take you with me. Don't arouse his suspicions in any way," Chuck whispered and closed the door and disappeared into the darkness half-naked.

When Anselmo's daddy climbed in, he noticed the rank smell of cum instantly. Thinking that Anselmo had whacked his meat in his absence, he stripped off his clothes to let the lusty boy have what he needed. When he opened Anselmo's legs wide and thrust his throbbing cock inside the heaving boy, he realized immediately that somebody had already fucked him. His monster cock glided inside Anselmo far too easily and when he pulled his cock out, he saw that it was lubed with cum. Anselmo's hole was ruby red as if an army of horny soldiers had fucked him. In a rage he hit Anselmo several times and the poor boy tried to shield his face. "Who has been here? Who has fucked you, you filthy slut? You better tell me now or I'll make sure that you'll never say anything at all," Anselmo's daddy roared and hit him over and over again.

There was nothing Anselmo could do, but to tell everything to his furious daddy. "That punk hasn't given up, hasn't he? I'll give him a lesson that he will never forget," Anselmo's daddy said and took Anselmo down to the apartment.

The next morning Chuck climbed up to the roof and saw that everything was exactly as before. He rushed to the door and called Anselmo when something hit his head and he lost consciousness. When he woke up again, he was nude and tied up in a most embarrassing position on a heavy iron bed. His hands and legs were tied to the bedpost leaving his open crack unprotected and an easy target for anybody who wanted to humiliate him. Chuck tried to free his hands, but the ties were tight and he soon gave up. "Welcome to hell, you little prick," a gruff voice said and as Chuck turned his head, he saw a big brawny man in his birthday suit sitting on a chair by the bed.

"Who are you?" Chuck asked. "That's none of your business, punk. I'm here to make sure that you learn to obey orders," he said and stood up. In his hand he had a heavy leather belt and with a gruff groan he hit Chuck's bare ass with it. The blow was fierce and the excruciating pain radiated all over Chuck's body. He yelped involuntarily in agony, but the man stretched his arm and hit him again. "Don't be such a cry-baby. If you play with boys, you must take the punishment of a naughty boy too," the man said and let the heavy belt dance on Chuck's quivering butt. Hit after hit fell on Chuck's buttocks and he noticed that the man's big cock turned bigger and soon lifted its heavy head. He then put the belt away and climbed into the bed. With his rough hands he fondled Chuck's bruised butt and with a fierce thrust he forced his rock-hard cock inside the desperately moaning Chuck. His crinkly pubes stung Chuck's bruised butt like a bunch of barbed wire when he forced his beefy cock inside the boy to the hilt.



"Spare the rod and spoil the boy is my motto," he grunted while ramming Chuck's butt with fierce energy. "I always take care that my boys get enough rod, and you aren't any exception," the man growled. His furry thighs rubbed Chuck's sore skin like sandpaper when the vehemence of the man's forceful fucking increased. Chuck soon moaned and groaned spontaneously as the girth of the man's massive cock stretched his tight sphincter to the limit. The man snorted and groaned loudly while his hairy ass clenched and relaxed in an ever increasing tempo. His groaning turned into an intense howling and with fierce thrusts he forced his cock even deeper inside the wailing boy and then blasted his hot juices.

There was a sudden sound of applause and Chuck saw five hard-muscled men standing around the bed, Anselmo's daddy among them. They were all in different stages of nudity, but they all had sturdy hard-ons.

"Good work, Mitch," Anselmo's daddy said. "Crooked iron must be straightened with a heavy hammer. Let me continue your work," he said fondling his huge cock. When Mitch pulled out his penis and stepped down, Anselmo's daddy took his place. He fondled Chuck's bruised butt and was visibly delighted by what he saw. "These boys are my pals from the slaughterhouse. They are all capable of killing a hog with their bare fists. They know everything about meat and together we are going to make sure that your meat will be tenderized properly. You are going to get so many meat injections that you'll be sorry for messing with my son, you son of a bitch," he roared and slapped Chuck's bruised butt hard with his rough hands.

Every strike felt like a hit on a raw nerve and Chuck wailed in agony. "The wolf must pay with his skin, my boy," Anselmo's daddy said and thrust his cock inside the wriggling Chuck. His fuck strokes were even more vicious and brutal than Mitch's. With his forceful fucking he pumped the air out of Chuck's lungs and he turned his head from side to side trying to gasp some air. Chuck was faintly aware of the nude men around the bed and their boisterous enjoyment, but the incessant motion of the huge cock inside him got his full attention. He felt great relief when Anselmo's daddy finally shot his load, but that was soon erased when he saw the cock of the next guy in line. Its knob was a size of an apple and the sturdy shaft as thick as a man's wrist was decorated with big bulging veins. "Let him have it, Jay. It's the raised stick that makes the dog obey and this mutt needs the stick more than anything," Anselmo's daddy said, panting as he climbed out of bed and gave his seat to his pal.

The boisterous party went on all night. At times Chuck was released and allowed to use the bathroom, constantly guarded of course. His wrists and ankles were rubbed, but despite his loud protests and begging, he was always tied up again to wait for his rapists. He swore that he wouldn't try to escape if the men left him untied, but his pleas were ignored. The only change was that they tied him in different positions, according to the whims of his captors. When Chuck asked for something to drink, they poured straight whisky into his mouth and when he asked for something to eat, they thrust their cocks into his mouth and made him suck them. He was raped repeatedly by all the men, one after another. They were drinking and having a party in the other room and the party was noisy indeed, but one of them was always tormenting Chuck with his big everhard cock.

When the voices started to slur, there began to be shorter intervals between the fuckings. These intervals gradually grew longer and finally the last man who attempted to rape him fell on top of him and soon snored loudly. Chuck listened to every sound in the apartment to make sure that everybody was asleep before he made his move. Not to wake up the man on top of him, Chuck slowly began to stretch his ties. When the men tied him up for the last time they were too drunk to see that Chuck had fooled them and the ties were much looser than they thought. Little by little the rope gave in and Chuck managed to get his hands free. The man on top of him grunted in his sleep when Chuck wriggled himself free and opening the rest of his ties was easy. Cautiously Chuck sneaked out of the room.

The sight in the other room was fascinating. There were big nude men in curious positions, but not a sign of Anselmo. At random he picked up some clothes and dressed himself quickly. Very cautiously he then left the apartment and rushed downstairs. As he passed the steps to the cellar he heard somebody singing a rap song and recognized the voice instantly. He went down to the cellar and found out that Anselmo was locked in a storage room which was blocked from outside. It was easy for him to free Anselmo and this time they didn't take any risks. Together they left the building and disappeared into the night.

Chuck was fascinated by Anselmo's songs and they began to perform together. People thought that ivory and ebony complimented each other in a new exciting way. They were very successful and soon their songs were played everywhere. That didn't delight Anselmo's daddy who thought that the lyrics of Anselmo's songs were pure shit. He especially hated a song called "Keep Your Waddy Out Of My Ass, Daddy." To his disappointment it became a smash hit and he couldn't avoid hearing it whereever he went.

THE END